

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,797. Vol. 69.

April 5, 1890.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

IN the House of Lords on *Friday* week some Bills were forwarded, one (the Trust Companies Bill) was passed, and Lord GRANVILLE, with the consent of the Government, obtained for peers whose sense of the wickedness of the Report of the Special Commission was so agonizing that it kept them away from the discussion thereof, leave to enter their deeply-moved names on the protest. A good deal of miscellaneous conversation took place in the Lower House, Mr. SEXTON endeavouring (till the SPEAKER, after a very patient hearing, refused him leave) to bring before the House as a breach of privilege some words of Sir WILLIAM MARRIOTT's expressing a view of the forged letters which, or something like it, is held by some of the best judges of evidence in the kingdom to be probable. Mr. SMITH also gave, in reference to the Easter holidays, an explanation of the Government's intentions, which has drawn from Mr. HOWORTH the expression of an amiable fear that he will be prevented from "romping with his children" in August. Then the Tithe Bill was debated, and the second reading carried by the very large majority of 125. This may have been due to the speeches of Mr. ABRAHAM and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT against it. Mr. ABRAHAM (than whom, we think, there is no man sings "Land of My Fathers" better at a railway station) admitted that he was neither lawyer nor farmer, and then proved his absolute ignorance of the whole question by protesting against Welsh farmers being obliged to contribute to the maintenance of an alien Church. Mr. ABRAHAM, when he has obtained the information which he seems to admit that he lacks, will learn that no Welsh farmer or tithepayer contributes, in tithe, one penny to the support of any Church whatever—unless, indeed, the postman who brings Mr. ABRAHAM a post-office order contributes that amount to Mr. ABRAHAM's support. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT ate most of his previous remarks on the subject, and had that process very neatly exposed by Mr. RAIKES.

On *Saturday* a formal or extraordinary sitting of both Houses was held, at which the Royal Assent was given to various Bills, chiefly financial, in the House of Lords, and announced by the SPEAKER to the House of Commons.

Monday's sitting of the House of Commons, though not so purely formal, presented but few matters for comment. Some votes were taken, some questions answered, and after a discussion on an amendment of Sir J. COLOMBE's in reference to the Customs Department, in which both Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN spoke, an inquiry was promised into some grievances of the officials. It is usual, on the vote for Royal Parks and Palaces, to find some member who distinguishes himself. This year the position was occupied by Mr. ALPHEUS C. MORTON, the recently elected of Peterborough, and we can give a sample of the taste, judgment, loyalty, and good sense he displayed. This faithful Commoner suggested that the Royal Mews would afford a profitable shelter to Mr. BARNUM at his next visit to London; in fact,

Alpheus C.
Morton, he

Thinks the Mews should be let to Phineas T.

A morning sitting of a not dissimilar kind finished the earlier part of the Session on *Tuesday*, and the House adjourned over Easter. As on *Monday*, necessary votes were obtained by patience against the idle talk of such persons as Mr. LABOUCHERE (who, poor man, is now expected to do his duty on such occasions, so that they must have long lost any interest for him) and Mr. MORTON, who was now merely tedious, and not facetious, as on *Monday*. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the morning's work was the enunciation of the sanguinary sentiment that "the only

"way to effect the object of the Bill was by the axe." This appalling sentence came not from any MARAT or CARRIER, nor even from any more hideous ALVA or BALFOUR, but from Mr. MUNDELLA, of all people in the world. It is fair to say that the subject of discussion was Mr. CHAPLIN's Contagious Diseases (Animals) Bill, so that Mr. MUNDELLA was cruel only to be kind.

Although the tendency of elections altered remarkably in favour of the Government at Ayr, the result of the Windsor conflict is still more noteworthy. It was thought that the loss of Mr. RICHARDSON GARDNER must tell disastrously on the Tory chances, and it was certain that the Gladstonians could have no stronger candidate than Mr. GRENFELL. Yet Mr. TRESS BARRY has improved his predecessor's majority by nearly a hundred, while on a heavier poll Mr. GRENFELL was only able to get six more votes than Mr. BUTLER did in 1885. This is a distinct success, and Gladstonians have only been able to console themselves by hinting that Windsor is a sink of corruption. This, however, is a little unwise; for, as it happens, in the good old days Windsor did not, we think, always go Tory. An equally satisfactory result can hardly be hoped in the Carnarvon Boroughs, where there was a very bad start, and where the majority in the last two elections veered from side to side, and in both cases was small; but if Mr. ELLIS NANNEY does not win, he will have deserved to do so.

The Legislative Council of India debated the Budget last *Friday* week, generally approving it; and Prince EDWARD left Bombay on the same day. It is reported, satisfactorily enough, that the feeling against elected Councils is growing everywhere.

The Berlin Labour Conference, after a meeting which has had at least the merit of brief duration, has closed its sittings, and has made recommendations which we discuss fully elsewhere. All of them are motherly or grandmotherly, and some of them are estimable.—The disturbances among Russian students continue; but the CZAR has wisely declined to allow further steps to be taken against Mme. TSHEBRIKOVA, the author of the "bitterly-written" letter to him.—It is announced that EMIN Pasha has entered the German service, and is to be at once employed in an expedition to the interior. Mr. STANLEY would not congratulate Major WISSMANN on his new lieutenant. Anyhow, care will have to be taken that the German sphere of influence is not unduly enlarged to the northwards. News has also been received of Dr. PETERS; though it must be remembered that this is not the first time that the safety of the pugnacious Doctor has been affirmed on insufficient grounds.—The results of the Portuguese elections are, on the whole, satisfactory, the Republican party having, notwithstanding the use made of the difficulty with England, made a very poor show, and the Ministry holding a good majority. The redoubtable Major SERPA PINTO is said to have been returned.—The virtuous efforts of M. PERSIANI, Russian Minister at Belgrade, have, it is said, at last been crowned by the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Servia and Bulgaria. Nothing, of course, need come of this; but, if it is convenient for Russia that something should come, the opportunity is made.

Some legal cases of unusual interest have been decided during the week, including, at Derby Assizes, a most singular instance of confusion of personal identity, in which, it is to be feared, Sir GEORGE STOKES's considerations would not apply; a curious foreign or half-foreign bankruptcy case—that of ARTOLA Hermanos & Co.—in which simultaneous proceedings were going on both in France and England, and application was made

and refused to stay the latter in favour of the former; an important question of title to coal-mines; and a quarrel between two representatives of the famous Mme. TUSSAUD, in which an injunction was obtained to restrain the commercial use of that name.

Very satisfactory Revenue returns were issued The Revenue. for the year on Monday, the balances provoking dolours infand among Mr. GOSCHEN's enemies and Mr. GLADSTONE's friends. Happy state, when either the impudence of a statesman who provides a surplus by prudence or the incompetence of one who incurs a deficit by rashness can be blamed whatever happens!

Speeches and Meetings. The week was opened by some interesting non-political speeches or lectures by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on bagmen (*quorum*, it seems, if not *pars*, yet at least *hospes*, he, like others, has been), by Lord RAYLEIGH on "Foam," which, since foam is a very nice thing to look at, we are deeply grieved to hear is a sign of impurity, and by Professor Sir GEORGE STOKES on "Personal Identity," as to which cynics have observed, that for some people at any rate, and also for their friends, it would be very agreeable if it did not exist. On Wednesday Lord ROSEBURY spoke cheerfully at Edinburgh and Lord SPENCER painfully at Skipton. The latter dealt, of course, with the Irish Land Bill, which (by-the-bye) has had the good luck to be attacked by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. It is Lord SPENCER's misfortune that he has not the vices of his position. That position requires that a man, to be comfortable in it, shall be one of five things—a red-hot partisan, a mere doctrinaire, an ignoramus, a rascal, or a fool (we cannot be accused of discourtesy or want of charity, for the first two categories give ample room for very respectable, though misguided, persons). Lord SPENCER is none of these, and his utterances are, in consequence, very awkward. It would appear that, if the Land Bill were not Mr. BALFOUR's, he would bless it; and that, even though it be Mr. BALFOUR's, he cannot make up his mind to curse it vigorously and thoroughly. "There is no local buffer," says Lord SPENCER mournfully. "Where is your local buffer?"

The Education Code. Much discussion of the new Education Code has taken place during the last week. If persons at once instructed and impartial were asked what they think of all Education Codes, the answer would probably be rather shocking to Philistines.

Sport. The most important event of its kind in the year, the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, was won, on Friday week, by Mr. MASTERMAN'S Ilex. The House of Commons Steeplechase took place on Saturday last, with the very satisfactory result of Mr. ELLIOT LEES winning among the light weights and Mr. WALTER LONG in the heavy, while Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM was second in the latter. Only Mr. PEASE, who came second to Mr. LEES in the twelve-stone class, sustained the dragged flag of Home Rule.

Miscellaneous. It has been decided by members of the National Liberal Club to erect a bust to the memory of the late Mr. J. F. B. FIRTH. It is not known what truth there is in the rumour that the allegorical style is to be revived for the purpose, and that Mr. FIRTH is to appear as Bumptiousness.—The Bishop of St. ASAPH on Monday presented Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN with some interestingly hard nuts to crack in regard to that most egregious of dishonesties, Welsh opposition to the Tithe Bill. We have not observed that Mr. MORGAN has cracked them.—The *City of Paris* steamship, concerning which fears had been entertained, arrived several days late at Queenstown, owing to an accident to her machinery.—On Saturday last, at Bristol, Mr. Justice CAVE delivered a most important judgment condemning picketing; though, with the usual, and perhaps excessive, mercifulness of English law, only nominal punishment was inflicted on the offenders.—Mr. FRITH, R.A., has, it is said, requested to be placed on the list of retired Academicians.

Obituary. Dr. CALLAWAY, sometime Bishop of Independent Caffraria, and an exceedingly careful student of native languages and folklore, died at the end of last week; while the Church has also lost a well-known ecclesiastic in Canon HOPKINS, of Littleport.—General YORKE, of Plas Newydd, was a distinguished officer in the Crimean War, and was perhaps even better known as occupying the house once belonging to the famous "Ladies of Llangollen."—In M. ARMAND DE PONTMARTIN,

who died on Saturday last in his eightieth year, France misses the *doyen* and not the least able of her critics. As a Legitimist, a steady opponent of all sorts of innovations, a somewhat rasping writer, and a very rough handler of other writers, including SAINTE-BEUVE, his rival and superior, M. DE PONTMARTIN was not popular with *gens de lettres* in France. But he was a very acute critic notwithstanding, and represented some sixty years of intelligent devotion to literature.—On Thursday night died the Marquess of NORMANBY, who had done during a life of some length much useful service as a colonial governor.

Books. The book of the week in grave subjects is, perhaps, Mr. HURLBERT's *France and the Republic* (LONGMANS), a bulky volume, in which the author, an enterprising and, as Gladstonians know, sometimes inconvenient chiel at taking notes, records the result of his explorations during the Centennial year. But lovers of *Wheat and Tares*, which a not very lenient judge once called "the best short novel ever written in English by any one not a recognized master," will rather welcome Sir HENRY CUNNINGHAM's *The Heriots* (MACMILLAN).

THE SESSION SO FAR.

THE perplexity into which the Irish Land Purchase Bill has thrown the Gladstonians is also to be observed, though, of course, in a less distressing form, in their critical attitude towards the general conduct of Ministerial business in Parliament thus far. They are, in fact, divided between two impulses—one, the inclination to represent the Government as fairly well advanced with their work, in order to take credit to themselves for their magnanimous contribution to that result; the other, the temptation to agree with those who say that business is behindhand, and to found thereon a charge of Parliamentary incapacity against the occupants of the Treasury Bench. At one moment, that is to say, they are in the mood which the other night inspired Mr. MORLEY with the imprudent little joke, so promptly turned against him by Mr. SMITH, *in re* the Lunacy Acts Consolidation Bill; the next moment they are all on the other tack—all lamenting the scanty progress which has been made in the work of Parliament, and declaring it to be "no wonder" with Ministers who are content to attack their programme in so leisurely a fashion. Either contention can, of course, be made to appear plausible enough to the general public, according to the way in which the facts are put before them; but of the two, the former, in our judgment, more nearly expresses the substantial truth of matters. Fair progress, that is to say, has been made with public business generally, if but little way has been made with legislation; and, when this is the case, the popular impression of the results accomplished by a Government is generally at variance with the expert view of them. As a matter of fact, they have not done badly in the matter of Supply, the general languor of the House having here to a certain extent stood their friend. Mr. LABOUCHERE has been but feebly supported this Session in his public-spirited policy of subjecting the Estimates to a thorough and searching examination—in which, of course, he cannot help taking up time; and on Tuesday he was obliged, in support of a vain attempt to obtain the postponement of a vote, to make the humiliating confession that the members who wanted to oppose it "were not there." There is something almost touching in the *naïveté* of the implied suggestion that absent Obstructionists should be allowed to obstruct by proxy, and that it would be only common courtesy on the part of the House to concede them the privilege of impeding its business, unaccompanied with the inconvenience of attending its sittings. The churlish refusal, however, of the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY to accord them that reasonable indulgence left Mr. LABOUCHERE almost unsupported. Almost, but not quite; for it is interesting to observe that Parliament repairs its losses in the matter of Parliamentary bores with almost the promptitude and uniformity of Nature herself. Tuesday's debate in Committee of Supply revealed the fact that, if the arm of Mr. COBB was shortened, and even Dr. TANNER failed to remember his swashing blow, there was help at hand in the person of a locally famous, but not yet Imperially renowned, gladiator—Mr. MORTON. Mr. MORTON has on this occasion, we believe, given the House a first taste of his quality as a fighter by the side of the member for Northampton in Committee of Supply; and our firm

conviction is that Mr. MORTON "will do." His instantaneous appearance in the front at the moment of need was most impressive. To dismayed Ministers he must have recalled one of the sons of TORQUIL—a name indeed which, with a slight alteration of its spelling, would aptly indicate his parentage—and they might almost have fancied that it was the cry of "*Bas air son Labouchere!*" which had nerved him for the fight.

Even Mr. MORTON, however, is only one, though an important, comrade of the member for Northampton; and, ever since the whole of the Irish deserted him on St. Patrick's Day in the evening, he has worked at visible disadvantages. He will have to content himself, in fact, during the Easter recess with the reflection that, if the Government have got more votes than he could wish, they have only yet succeeded in advancing one important measure beyond the stage of second reading. For reasons above suggested, we are not disposed for our own part to attach any great importance to the so-called backwardness of public business which this state of things is assumed to indicate. If a measure of the importance of the Irish Land Purchase Bill is read a first time before Easter, it is about as much as can be expected, and when it is a measure to which both parties are committed in principle, the importance usually attaching to the date and discussion of the second reading is considerably diminished. As a matter of fact, we may expect this stage of the Bill to be fixed for an early day after the Easter recess, and the Opposition will find it impossible with all their ingenuity to prolong the debate upon it for more than a week. It is on the Committee stage, both of this measure and of the Tithes Bill, that the party struggle—if that can be so named in which there is no difference of party principle involved—will assume serious proportions; and there it is difficult to say which of the two will be selected by the Gladstonian party as the more appropriate instrument to employ for the embarrassment of Ministers. The Land Purchase Bill would of course supply by far the heavier weapon; but, on the other hand, it is much the more awkward, not to say dangerous, of the two to wield. It would not surprise us, therefore, to find that after the full-dress debate on the second reading, in which Mr. GLADSTONE may be expected to announce that, after careful examination of the Bill with the most earnest desire to give it a generous and independent support, he has discovered in it one or more such unpardonable sins against financial morality, or political expediency, or Gladstonian doctrines of right and wrong, or we know not what, that he will be obliged to offer it his most uncompromising opposition—it would not, we say, surprise us much if, after the performance of this more or less ceremonial function, the real work of fighting Mr. BALFOUR's Bill in Committee were to be handed over by the Front Bench Gladstonians (except in so far as their mutual rivalries stir them to action) to their Irish allies. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT evidently intends to be heard of again on the Tithes Bill, and that measure obviously presents more opportunities to the Gladstonian Radical to make effective electioneering speeches than are offered by the Irish Land Purchase Bill.

It is never very safe to predict the course of a Parliamentary Session from the character of its proceedings between February and Easter. But if ever a Session showed signs of disappointing the hopes of an Opposition and of fulfilling those of a Government, it is the present. Too much importance may perhaps be attached to the symptoms of lassitude and languor which are already observable in Parliament. The House of Commons is very capricious in its moods, and has been known to pass from a phase of apparent indifference to a spell of comparative activity without any very obvious reason. But we do not usually look for the occurrence of any such phenomenon in a Parliament which has passed middle age; and there are other causes at work in this particular Parliament to discourage the expectation. Excitement, whether it be real or simulated, involves a draft on the nervous energies of those who indulge in it, whether parties or individuals, which is inevitably followed by reaction; and the Gladstonians are just now simply paying the penalty of the prolonged bout of noisy agitation in which they have passed their political lives almost ever since the last election. It is just possible that some of them may have really worked themselves up into the state of extravagant confidence in approaching victory which their swaggering utterances would seem to indicate; but with the far larger number of them this mental and moral condition is purely feigned,

and they have acted the part so long that they are beginning to be fatigued by it. The depression of spirits therefrom resulting is evidenced in many ways, and in none more significantly than in their liability to be dashed by electoral reverses, great and small. The loss of the Ayr Burghs has had a conspicuously dispiriting effect upon them, and Mr. GRENFELL's failure to capture Windsor—a failure attended by an actual increase of the Conservative majority—may be expected to add considerably to their despondency. They are just now probably not half so anxious for a speedy dissolution as they were, or pretended to be, a couple of months ago; and this alone will very likely prevent them from fighting the Parliamentary battle of the Session with the energy of men who think that a general election may possibly be near at hand, and that, whether it comes sooner or later, they are sure to win. They may, of course, recover later on from this mood of discouragement; but so long as it lasts it will facilitate the progress of public business, and on that account alone we hope that it may be prolonged.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

(Not to be continued weekly.)

THE writers of the last century, such as POPE and others, used to complain much of Irish piracies. They suffered from the enterprise of Dublin booksellers as our men of letters do from the industry of American Harpies. Mr. GLADSTONE, I need scarcely say, was careful in his proposed Home Rule Bill (denounced by thousands who never read a line of it) to withdraw copyright from the scope of action of his proposed Dublin Parliament.

It may seem strange to some that Mr. GLADSTONE could not trust the honesty of his proposed Dublin Parliament where literary property was concerned. On the other hand, he could trust its honesty in regard to other forms of property.

Mr. GLADSTONE is the owner of literary property which he does not permit to come within the scope of action of his proposed Dublin Parliament. I do not know whether or not Mr. GLADSTONE has any other Irish property.

BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson*, though little known, is really a most curious and entertaining work. JOHNSON expressed his satisfaction at the dissolution of the Ministry. Here he would have agreed with Mr. GLADSTONE. About the Union Dr. JOHNSON said to an Irish gentleman, "Do not make an Union with us, sir; we should unite with you only to rob you. We should have robbed the Scotch if they had had anything of which we could have robbed them." I recommend BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson* to my readers.

About the Union Dr. JOHNSON was a Romanticist, though not so in literature. Mr. GLADSTONE says that belief in the Union is a classical English opinion. Dr. JOHNSON did not believe in it. Like Mr. GLADSTONE, he was Romantic.

In Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON's new book on Golf he does not quote Mr. GLADSTONE's opinions on Stymie. In 1879 Mr. GLADSTONE, answering an Ayr Burghs correspondent, said, "I regard Stymie as one of the most exciting and valuable hazards in the game. It is a triumph of the Scottish intellect, and worthy of the Land of the Leal" [which Mr. GLADSTONE identifies with the Land of Cakes]. In 1886 Mr. GLADSTONE described Stymie as "a piece of blackguardism, the fiendish discovery of an aristocratic despotism." This latter view has now many adherents. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that it was PITT who introduced Stymie.

Talking of Pirates, an unsuccessful author has a kind of pleasure in being pirated when he knows well that the pirated book will have no success, but prove a dead loss. I do not know whether any one ever pirated Mr. GLADSTONE's *Homeric Synchronism*.

Mr. GLADSTONE is about to appear as an Old Testament critic. His well-known skill in the Semitic languages lends authority to his discussion of the sources of *Leviticus*. Mr. GLADSTONE will show, as against KUENEN, that the passages attributed by the learned Dutchman to J. E., D. R.¹⁰P., are really by S., as HENGSTENBERG declares in

his *Authentic*. Mr. GLADSTONE, among the mere WELL-HAUSSENS of the day, will, indeed, be a lion in a den of DANIELS.

In Homeric criticism Mr. GLADSTONE will endeavour to prove that HOMER owes his description of the raft of ODYSSEUS to an article which has appeared in several evening contemporaries, and in a great many provincial journals. HOMER's lack of common honesty in appropriating the story of the Cyclops from the *Hibernian Tales* will also be exposed. Another deplorable result of the Union.

In the case of Home Rule becoming Separation we shall have Irish books cheap. This is a very happy reflection, the literature of Erin being so rich and interesting.

In BOSWELL's *Johnson* we read:—"A foreign Minister of no very high talents, who had been in his company for a considerable time quite overlooked, happened luckily to mention that he had read some of his *Rambler* in Italian, and admired it much. This pleased him greatly." This proves that the finest minds are not always inaccessible to flattery.

Home Ru	Union	
.	.	Mr. GLADSTONE
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Y. Z.

STEIN AND BALFOUR.

COMPARATIVE politics is a very interesting science, and there is much to be learned from it. Occasionally in the hands of some of its expositors, like politics in Count SMOLTORK's definition, "it surprises by itself." FLUELLEN professed it for the edification of Captain GOWER; and in his celebrated comparison certain critics capable of finding their way about very easily in the recesses of SHAKESPEARE's mind have seen a satire on the parallel lives of PLUTARCH, one of the few books, other than those which he found in trees and running brooks, with which the author of *Julius Caesar* can with certainty be said to have been acquainted.

Comparative politics has been brought to bear by a conscientious contemporary on Mr. BALFOUR's Irish Land Bill. That was almost inevitable. A discussion relating to the tenure of land would be incomplete without a reference to STEIN and HARDENBERG and the Prussian reform of the beginning of the present century. But, if a comparison is to be profitable, the comparer should be acquainted with both its terms. The writer to whom we have referred expresses regret that Mr. BALFOUR's Bill is not universal and compulsory, that it does not at one blow expropriate the Irish landlords at the expense of British taxpayers, and make all Irish tenants the owners in fee simple of their lands. Something may be said in favour of this proposal. One thing may be said against it, and that is, that neither the Irish tenants, nor the Irish landlords, nor the British taxpayers will hear of it. With your doctrinaire politician this goes for very little; but a statesman who has to get his Bill through the House of Commons and to establish a system which shall be workable in Ireland may be excused for condescending upon detail. The writer to whom we refer admits that "STEIN, when he carried out a somewhat similar reform" to that which he urges upon Mr. BALFOUR—the conversion, that is, of all tenants into freeholders paying a quit rent—"had, fortunately for Prussia, no Parliament to convince." Now, "somewhat similar" may cover a multitude of errors. It is impossible to argue against "somewhat similar." Under the mask of "somewhat similar" the most egregious blunderer may escape detection. The error of our contemporary is twofold. The Prussian reform was in no respect similar to that which Mr. BALFOUR is reproached with not introducing in Ireland, and STEIN had as little to do with carrying it out as Mr. BALFOUR himself. It was HARDENBERG and not STEIN who was the author of a wholly dissimilar reform to that which is held up for Mr. BALFOUR's imitation. The general impression in England seems to be that STEIN and HARDENBERG were a sort of economical ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN; that they formed a political firm in which HARDENBERG was the junior partner; that they held office together, and were the joint authors of a scheme struck out by a single effort of statesmanship, and put into execution by a single operation. As we speak of LONGMANS without reference to GREEN, though without intending any disrespect to GREEN; and of GLYN, without thinking it necessary to name, but still not in-

tending to slight, MILLS or CURRIE, so by STEIN, the rough-and-ready writer on politics means STEIN and HARDENBERG. Moreover, HARDENBERG had the misfortune to have three syllables in his name, and STEIN profits by his monosyllabic brevity and simplicity.

The fact is that the two men, instead of being colleagues, were rivals; that the economic reform, habitually misconceived, which laid the foundations of the present land system of Prussia, was the work, not of STEIN, but of HARDENBERG; and that STEIN viewed both it and its author with the greatest dislike and jealousy. STEIN's work was a great one; it was the necessary precursor of that of HARDENBERG, who in his turn did little more than make a beginning. STEIN was a political and social rather than a directly agrarian reformer. In abolishing for certain purposes the distinctions between noble, burgher, and peasant, he removed the restrictions on the acquisition by one order of the land belonging to the other. In so doing he contributed towards what would now be called free-trade in land; not making it quite as marketable as Consols, but still making it more marketable than it had been. The economic reform properly so called was begun by HARDENBERG, but only begun by him. In its present form it is due to sixty years of successive legislation, the most important part of which, the enactments of 1850, were not due to STEIN's freedom from Parliamentary control, but were the work of a Parliament long after both STEIN and HARDENBERG had gone to their rest. As to the work itself, so far from transferring the land of Prussia from landlords to tenants, it transferred possibly one-half, certainly as much as one-third of it, from the occupiers to the landlords, both purchasing exemption from the feudal obligations ruling over the whole of it by a surrender of a part. The result is that the system which has grown up in Prussia, instead of being one of small peasant-proprietorship, such as is supposed with a nearer approach to truth, but still with much error, to exist exclusively in France and Belgium—is one in which great, moderate, and small estates, varying from thousands to tens and units of acres and cultivated by their owners, exist in fair proportion, not to the total exclusion of tenant-farms.

It is this variety, which Mr. BALFOUR is told it would be his highest wisdom to abolish in Ireland, which constitutes the great merit, according to the most competent observers, of the Prussian system. The small farmer-owners, though industrious and sober, have a tendency to stick to old and ineffective ways. Improvements of machinery and method are invariably introduced first on great estates, and when they have succeeded there, they are adopted on small ones. There is no nation which needs more than Ireland the presence and example of a class of well-to-do landlords or of large capitalist cultivators. Ireland delivered up to peasant-proprietors would be handed over to obsolete and unproductive methods of agriculture. Except, perhaps, in the North, the Irish farmer is never a good farmer, and though something may be laid to the account of a faulty agrarian system, yet something is, perhaps, due to that agricultural inaptitude which M. DE LAVELEYE attributes to the Irish as compared with the English, the Germans, and the Flemings. The Irish need in all things, and not least in agriculture, not to be left to themselves. Almost all that is good in them has come to them from abroad. If everything which is tainted by a foreign source is withdrawn, nothing will be left worth keeping. The Irish seem capable of originating nothing, and it may be doubted if they could maintain much if communication with the source of their civilization was cut off or impeded. It is one of the great merits of Mr. BALFOUR's scheme that, while providing the means of increasing the number of peasant-proprietors in Ireland, it does so within moderate limits, and does not seek summarily to dispossess and expatriate that class of large owners who alone connect the Irish peasant with the civilized world.

THE CITY OF PARIS.

IT must be allowed that the water-tight compartment has at last distinguished itself eminently. There is not a little exaggeration as to what it has done, but it has done much. Beyond all question, if the ss. *City of Paris* had not been fitted with water-tight compartments, and good ones, she would have gone to the bottom. Other conditions aided in her escape. She was at no great distance from land, and in the track of the trade. The weather,

too, proved beautiful. Still, it was undoubtedly owing to her compartments that she floated so long with a hole in her bottom. Mr. PLIMSOLL has, therefore, some justification for patting himself publicly on the back and recording his wisdom in the *Times*. What justification, if any, he had for the charge he brought against Mr. MILNER GIBSON and Sir WILLIAM HUTT we do not think it worth while to inquire. Mr. PLIMSOLL, we know from of old, is one of the righteous who are quite incapable of believing that any man can differ from them except from the most sinister motives. So we do not consider his accusation as of much importance. If Mr. MILNER GIBSON and Sir WILLIAM HUTT did differ from Mr. PLIMSOLL as to the value of water-tight compartments, they might pardonably do so, considering the evidence they had to go on. Let it be enough for the advocates of water-tight compartments that they have been shown to have judged, on the whole, correctly.

So much being allowed, it is fair to ask exactly what the water-tight compartments did in this case, and even to pour a little cold water on the enthusiasm expressed for them. It may be noted, in the first place, that they partially failed as it was. According to theory, one of the engine-rooms should have been kept clear. Both were, however, submerged, and with them the steam-pumps. As we have already said, too, the *City of Paris* owed a great deal to the weather. If a storm had come on soon after the explosion, another bulkhead would have gone almost certainly, and then the vessel would have sunk. What, then, the water-tight compartments have been proved able to do is to keep a ship afloat for hours or days, so that under favourable circumstances of place and weather she can be towed into harbour. This is much, but it falls far short of the "absolute safety" which it is claimed that this method of construction gives. There is also a side to the story of the *City of Paris* which has, naturally perhaps, been rather overlooked. If this accident proves how much has been done to improve the floating power of steamers, it also shows once more how potent for their destruction is the force which they carry within them. It is not as yet known what caused the explosion in the packet's engines. In the absence of accurate information, there has been as usual a great deal of idle speculation. What, on the evidence before us, looks like the somewhat ill-judged reticence of the Company caused the stories floating about to be much wilder than usual. One terrific report, given on mysterious authority, was that the engines had dropped through the bottom of the ship. If the Company had been more out-poken, an imagination capable of producing shilling shockers would not have been wasted on the production of such *canards* as this. Whatever the truth may be, it is at least certain that the steamer's own engines made a hole in her. They were certainly not bad, nor is it alleged that they were mishandled. Yet they did as much damage as a shell could well have done. Steam, it is clear, is like fire—a good servant, but a very bad master. Moreover, it would appear that, with all the care in the world, you cannot be sure that it will not suddenly become master. It is a fact which passengers by ocean steamers should write out against the praise of water-tight compartments. If these securities are valuable, it is at least partially because steam has made them necessary. Vessels have to be built so as to be able to float with holes in them, since they are propelled by a force which is capable at any moment of bursting a great piece out of them. At the risk of being ranked with the benighted persons who are opposed to the use of machinery, we shall point out that this is a set-off of some weight to the value of steam as a means of propulsion for ships. We have got it, and cannot now do without it. By means of it ships can go where sailing-vessels could not go, and in face of obstacles sails could not overcome. They can go, too, with astonishing speed and regularity. Still it is a fact that the power which enables them to do this can also smash them to pieces, and occasionally does. It is well to be protected against its vagaries by water-tight compartments, and it is not foolish to wish for fine weather and proximity to land when there is a smash. The fanatics for steam may also learn from this accident, as Admiral ELLIOT very opportunely reminds them, that the power of setting sail may at times be useful even to a packet. If the *City of Paris* had had some sails bent, it is possible that she would not have drifted so far out of her course, and might have been picked up all the sooner.

THE BERLIN LABOUR CONGRESS.

IN taking account of the Labour Congress at Berlin, it is necessary to compare what the delegates were actually called to discuss, and the outcome of the discussion, with the German EMPEROR's original design. Starting from the conclusion that international competition in the various fields of labour keeps working people in misery, he proposed that "the wants and wishes of the labourers, as manifested by them during the strikes of recent years and otherwise," should be satisfied by an "understanding between the countries which rule the markets of the world." A Congress should be called, "with a view to bringing about a uniform international agreement as to the limits of the demands that may be made upon the labour of the workers." The EMPEROR decided, indeed, upon issuing invitations accordingly; but he soon found that he had better not. Refusal must have been the consequence in every case; for reasons which, if they had accompanied refusal, would have amounted to a public demonstration in half a dozen State papers, and as many different languages, that the suggestion was impossible and absurd. Therefore, to avoid this rebuff, and yet to carry out the promise of an International Conference for the benefit of Labour, the programme of invitation was changed. Instead of a Congress to put down trade competition between nation and nation, and so regulate the amount of work in each that production should be limited and wages and prices increased in all (project divine!), there was merely to be a meeting of experts to exchange views and record opinions on the sort of legislation embodied in our Factory Acts. The delegates met, and in the intervals of a round of feasting and junketing did the very little that they had to do. It is all summed up in a series of resolutions, each headed "It is desirable"; and when we look to the suggestions so modestly commended for adoption, we see how small was the need of an International Conference to consider them. Us they concern very little indeed; and it is to be remarked that in the case of reforms which labour has yet to profit by in other countries, though they have long been established in our own, the delegates have been singularly shy of enjoining legislation downright. They think it desirable that the limit of age at which children begin to work in mines should be raised "as nearly as possible" to the fourteenth year; but the limit in Southern countries might be fixed at twelve years. They also consider it desirable that there should be short shifts of work in mines where no engineering skill can obviate dangers to health; but, as to the way in which the suggestion should be carried out, that, the delegates think, "should be left to each country, according to its principles and practice." Perhaps it should be done by law; perhaps by administrative decree; perhaps by agreement between employer and workmen, or otherwise. Moreover, it is thought desirable that mining engineers should be persons whose qualifications have been duly tested; and that the relations between the miners and the mining engineers should be as far as possible direct, "and thus calculated to foster a feeling of mutual confidence and respect." "An effort should be made to insure continuity in the production of coal to obviate strikes"; but no indication of the more promising kind of effort is afforded, though it is remarked that the best means of avoiding strikes, where masters and men cannot agree, is "to invoke the decision of an arbitrator." After recording that original idea, the delegates proceed to declare the desirability of "insuring" one day's rest in each week to children, youths, and women, and of "allowing" a similar privilege to all industrial workmen; but exceptions are permissible, and requisite postponements of the rest-day must be considered. Since it is desirable, however, that the exceptions should be determined "on homogeneous principles," it is also desirable that they should be regulated by arrangement between the various Governments. Next an opinion is expressed that children under twelve years of age in Northern countries, and under ten in Southern ones, should not be set to work regularly; that they ought to have some education first; and that there should be no night-work and no Sunday work for children under the age of fourteen. Perhaps they ought to be prohibited from engaging in unhealthy and dangerous occupations; "at least, they should only be permitted to do so under protective conditions." Young persons of both sexes between the age of fourteen and sixteen ought not to work more than ten hours a day, with intervals amounting

to an hour and a half; yet it is desirable that for particular branches of industry exceptions should be allowed, though it is not desirable that persons so young should be employed in unhealthy and dangerous occupations without a certain measure of protection. A similar consideration is extended to grown women. Though here, too, exceptions are admitted for some branches of industry, it is declared undesirable that women should work more than eleven hours a day, with intervals amounting to an hour and a half; or that they should toil at night or on Sundays; or that mothers should be allowed to return to work within four weeks of their confinement.

And that is about all. With one or two trivialities here omitted, this is a complete account of the recommendations of the Conference, so far as Labour is concerned. The delegates have further to say, however, that should any Government give effect to any of these suggestions, they had better be carried out under official superintendence; that the reports of these officials should be sent to other Governments; that labour statistics should be collected for interchange and mutual profit; and, lastly, that "it is desirable" that the deliberations of the States interested should be "repeated."

But why should they be repeated? It is proclaimed by the abandonment of the EMPEROR's first proposals, and it is acknowledged in the extremely cautious terms of the Conference Report, that there can be no international regulation of labour. Little can be done in that way by the Government of any State within its own borders; and all that can or that should be attempted must conform to the particular conditions of industry at home, to the habits, customs, prejudices of the people, and to other things that differ very much in different countries. Nor is the apparatus of international conference necessary to acquaint the rulers of one country with the labour customs and regulations of another; while as to whether such regulations and such rules as obtain in England, for example, are applicable to the conditions of industry in some other land, who should determine that question better than the rulers of the country itself? A German, a French, or a Belgian Government, anxious for the welfare of the working classes, can easily and quietly learn all that has been done for them in other countries, mark the successes, discover the failures, and decide on the adaptability of foreign laws or foreign customs without the aid of a committee of strangers. What have the British delegates learnt that they did not know before, or that they could not have ascertained without resort to international congress? What have any of the delegates learnt, for that matter? It would have been as easy for the German EMPEROR to have ordered the drafting of a Factory Bill and a Mines Regulation Bill for Germany without the calling of a Conference as with it; and far better on some accounts, as he will probably find. We can believe that good may come of the Conference. It is possible, and it is to be hoped, that the attention of more than one Continental Government may be fixed on hardships inflicted on women and children, to the loss of the whole community in an enfeebled population. But, unless the German EMPEROR goes much further with his interferences on behalf of labour than any suggested by the Conference, he will learn that in convening it he prepared for his Socialist friends a disappointment too bitter to be endured in quiet. The famous rescripts promised much more than the programme of inquiry afterwards submitted to the Conference; and the answers of the delegates, with their "It is desirable," their indefinitely qualified suggestions of an eleven-hour day for women, their confinement regulation, and the rest of it, must fall far short of what was anticipated even when the very limited programme of Conference was published. In short, hopes were raised, promise was extended, of which the Conference Report is mere mockery; and the German EMPEROR may depend upon it that the whole body of Socialism in his realm will look to him for larger boons than any that occurred to the delegates as reasonable. How he will answer the expectation is no light question for His Majesty; and it is not an unimportant matter for his neighbours.

HOW TO SHAVE.

A LARGE proportion of the adult men of these islands are in the habit of shaving some part of their faces, and every Rugby heart is supposed to thrill at the name of ARNOLD. The appearance of a pamphlet called the "Secret

"of an Easy Shave," and declared to have been "published" under the auspices of JAMES ARNOLD, M.P.S., is, therefore, an event which cannot be passed over in silence. Moreover, the pamphlet is written, and the Secret has been discovered, by "A Magistrate's Son." In this country there are many magistrates, and so many of them have sons, that the descriptive *nom de guerre* is a tolerably safe disguise. Whoever the unknown benefactor may be, his work is published by the Sanitary Engineering Society, and it can be obtained by post for no more than threepence.

The opening sentence is peculiar. "How many persons" can sharpen a razor properly? Not one in 50,000, and "not that conspicuous exception if he has been so unfortunate as to have access to the instructions published to enlighten humanity struggling with their razors." Really, the magistrate ought to have brought up his offspring better. One would think the phrase was modelled upon an Act of Parliament. And how came JAMES ARNOLD, M.P.S., to allow such a sentence to appear under his "auspices"? One might almost as well not be an M.P.S., whatever an M.P.S. may be, as watch the flight of birds to no better purpose. When is a conspicuous exception not a conspicuous exception? A magistrate himself might fail to answer the conundrum. There is, however, some ground for surmising the answer to be "When he is a magistrate's son." For it may be cautiously inferred from the sentences which follow that our Magistrate's Son was the conspicuous exception until he read some "Instructions" (for our own part we have never read any such Instructions but his), after which he lost his natural ability. In this parlous case he tried a great many razors, and made "a round of all known makes of shaving soaps." This brought him to the melancholy conclusion that "the chief end and trade" of those who make makes of shaving soaps is "not soap-making, but money-making," and this discovery he sets out in capital letters, like the "headlines" favoured by prophets of the "New Journalism." The round ended well though, for it resulted in the discovery of a make of shaving-soap which "proved itself to be the finest by far ever tried," and which the Magistrate's Son still contentedly patronizes. It is provoking, but he does not say what it is. Then he reverted to his own untaught method of stropping his razor, and the result "exceeded WHAT FOND MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS, had sometimes been guilty of looking back upon, with feelings akin to delight." In fact, he had discovered the method of treating razors which makes them always keep sharp and shave perfectly.

In some concluding observations the author remarks that he "— the son of a magistrate, while reserving, and without prejudice to his rights, intends to devote privately" "A CONSIDERABLE PORTION OF THE PROFITS derived from the reserved rights of this publication to such charitable ends, and in such manner as he may think proper." But it will be of no use to write and suggest charitable ends to him, and he will pay no attention to any such appeal. Indeed, as he will have to sell "thousands of copies to effect any useful purpose after meeting advertising and other charges," it would, perhaps, not be of much use to bully him as to the distribution of his largesse. But under the circumstances he suggests that gentlemen to whom his Secret makes shaving a pleasure, when they have got hold of it "otherwise than by purchase," ought to "forward its value ["price" would have been more cautious] "direct to the publishers." The Secret is this, as far as we can make out—and it is not easy. Most people draw their razor in stropping downwards along the strap from heel to point. The Magistrate's Son pushes his upwards from point to heel.

THE CARDIFF SAVINGS BANK.

THE trustees and managers of the Cardiff Savings Bank have determined to appeal against the important judgment of Mr. Justice STIRLING, to which we briefly referred last week. It is to be hoped that they will fail. Whatever may be their individual merits or demerits, however little some of them may deserve to suffer for the faults of others, Mr. Justice STIRLING has laid down principles of such great and general utility, that their reversal would be a public misfortune. The shameful and scandalous laxity with which institutions of this sort are too often conducted can only be prevented in a comparatively slight degree by Parliament. Much must, of course, always depend upon the exercise of due care and caution by the depositors them-

selves, or those whose function it is to represent them. But a vast responsibility rests with the judges, who can practically, under the guise of interpretation, either extend a statute almost indefinitely, or whittle it almost completely away. The maxim *boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem* is both dangerous and obscure. One very eminent English lawyer declared it to be the exact reverse of the truth. But the spirit which led the late Baron MARTIN to exclaim, "Take away the book, Mr. AVORY; the man who drew that 'section didn't know the law of England,'" is not to be admired or encouraged. As Lord BEACONSFIELD said when irritated by some escapade of Sir FITZROY KELLY, our profound respect for the judges would be still further increased if they would administer, instead of attacking, the law. Mr. Justice STIRLING has contrived to make an Act of Parliament mean what it says, and to afford the public the security which it was intended that they should have. These are considerable achievements, especially in the Chancery Division, and deserve the gratitude of laymen. The history of the Cardiff Savings Bank is a melancholy one. Its leading features are tolerably familiar, and we need do no more than recapitulate the chief incidents of a painful case. The Bank was founded many years ago, and was afterwards registered under the Savings Banks Act of 1863. Its actuary was one JAMES EMERSON WILLIAMS, who enjoyed during his lifetime the respect of his neighbours and fellow-townsmen. But while men slept, and while they ought to have been awake, WILLIAMS defrauded the bank, falsified the accounts, and enriched himself at the expense of the unhappy depositors. It was not till after his death that his systematic depredations were discovered. He died in March, 1886, and in April of the same year the Cardiff Savings Bank stopped payment. The event is, unfortunately, not so rare as it ought to be, not so rare as to have attracted much attention in itself. A composition of seventeen and sixpence in the pound was offered. If it had been universally accepted, nothing more would have been heard of the matter. But some of the creditors rejected it and demanded an inquiry. Their courage was justified, and has been rewarded. In 1887 Mr. GOSCHEN introduced and carried a valuable measure for bringing Savings Banks under the same system of inspection as was already applicable to Friendly Societies. An investigation into the affairs of the Cardiff Savings Bank was held in accordance with this Act by Mr. LUTPHER STANLEY.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. STANLEY in other aspects of his character, it cannot be denied that he knows how to deal with the kind of people who managed, or rather mismanaged, the Cardiff Savings Bank. He got to the bottom of the story in a very short space of time, and the exposure was complete. The proceedings before Mr. Justice STIRLING, which arose out of Mr. STANLEY's Report, were taken for the purpose of fixing liability upon Mr. PETER DAVIES, a former manager and trustee. But Mr. Justice STIRLING was careful to intimate his opinion that other persons were liable besides Mr. DAVIES, and that further means of reaching the culpably negligent might be found. Although the arguments against Mr. DAVIES were strong and clear, they seem to have struck, not only him, but a large portion of the public, and even of the Bar, with surprise. It seems to have been thought that the Trustee of a Savings Bank could only be made answerable in case of fraud; and fraud was not alleged against Mr. DAVIES. But "the fool of an Act" does not require evidence of positive dishonesty. It specifies among the grounds of liability disobedience to the rules and regulations. Now one of these rules is that the business of a Savings Bank cannot be lawfully transacted except in the presence of two officials. Mr. DAVIES kept a shop in the same street as the Bank, and held a high position of trust. Yet he allowed WILLIAMS to deal with large sums by himself, and ratified these transactions without inquiry. The judge has, in consequence, found him guilty of misfeasance and breach of trust, which give those who lost money by assuming that he was doing his duty a claim upon his estate. The precise provision upon which Mr. Justice STIRLING founded his ruling was not the Savings Bank Act of 1863, or any part of it, but the Companies Act of 1862. That, however, is a question which the public will regard as comparatively insignificant. The main point is gained when Mr. DAVIES has been declared liable. Not that we have any wish to punish Mr. DAVIES, who may be no worse than scores of others in similar circumstances. But the establishment of the propositions that Acts of Parliament must be obeyed, that statutory

guarantees are realities in which the community has a vested right, that negligence in a trustee is a serious offence, and will subject him to serious consequences, marks a distinct stage in the path of financial reform. The failure of such concerns as this Cardiff Savings Bank brings hardship and misery upon many struggling families, and deprives honest, hardworking men of the resources which they had set apart for their old age. A carelessness which produces these results is little short of crime. Mr. GOSCHEN has promised another Bill for the protection of the savings of the poor. But Mr. Justice STIRLING's decision will probably do quite as much good as the most ingenious statute.



GREECE AND CRETE.

THE letter of Woods Pasha in the *Times* of Wednesday as to the Committees who, in reference to Crete and Armenia more particularly, and to the SULTAN's dominions in general, endeavour to provoke domestic rebellion and foreign filibustering, will probably do little good. The polite persons who used a dozen years ago to talk of "DERBY, HOBART, and the rest of the gang" will, no doubt, inform Woods Pasha that he is a "Mameluke" or a "Condottiere," or something of that sort, and pass on, relieved by the utterance of whichever blessed word they choose. Less fanatical and more sensible observers do not need to be converted, but are unfortunately for the most part disinclined to act vigorously on the principles which they profess. Yet, in regard to Crete in particular, the present state of things is scandalous enough. How scandalous it is we are content to leave to the judgment of any impartial person who will read an article in the present number of the *Contemporary Review* by Mr. W. J. STILLMAN, a professed "Cretophile" (and reported to be identical with a newspaper "Correspondent" not at Athens or Canea, who has made himself the mouthpiece of much Cretan complaint), and another in the unimpeachably bag-and-baggage *Daily News* last Tuesday on the Cretan refugees in Greece. Mr. STILLMAN, among other things, reminds the world that there are fifty thousand Mussulmans in Crete who are as much Cretan as the Cretan Christians, and much less responsible for the recent troubles. The *Daily News*' Correspondent himself is disturbed at the conduct of the King of GREECE in subscribing five hundred drachmas (no very magnificent amount, it is true) to the "Cretan Defence Fund," which is simply a Turkey Assault Fund. Further, the authentic documents which have been recently published officially, and the reports of all trustworthy non-official persons on the spot, prove that SHAKIR Pasha, and at least some of his subordinates, have done, and are doing, all that they possibly can to pacify the island. Furthermore, hardly any one now dares to argue, though some still appear to assume, that the disturbance was originally due to Turkish action of any kind, every one agreeing that it was the result of an unwise extension of Home Rule in the first place, and of party rivalries in the second. "The SULTAN," says Mr. STILLMAN, "is in nowise responsible for the state of the island, at any rate prior to the 1st of August last." If he is less complimentary to the last Governor and to SHAKIR, he admits that for the last dozen years "no sooner has a new Governor been in office than an intrigue" by the Cretans themselves "was set on foot to drive him out." And he speaks in the bitterest terms of that curse of all modern, and especially all Continental, States, the "young men who have been educated" in this case at Athens. Yet it is pretty certain that after long hesitation the Greek Government has determined to wink at least at the export of ammunition, which means the outbreak of civil war.

Now this is a very abominable state of things. If a fair fight were likely to be allowed, we should not have the least objection to standing by and seeing the best man win. But it is pretty certain that a fair fight will not be allowed. The Turkish ironclads are not, perhaps, in the best order, and the SULTAN has not much money to spare; but it is undeniable that, if his hands were not tied, Woods Pasha, or any other capable officer, would very soon lay Athens in ashes (at which scholars need not weep, as far as its modern part goes, though it might be difficult to be particular), and carry off every craft of wood or iron that swims from the North of Euboea round to Corfu. Nor, judging from what happened in the abortive splutter of a year or two ago, would the Turkish troops have much

hard work in teaching the sons of the Greeks a valuable lesson on the Thessalian border. But the firebrands and the *arocats*, the BOBADILS and the JACQUES VINGTRAS, who foment the Cretan trouble (to do the Cretans justice, without much gratitude from them; for Crete no more wants to be Greek than she does to be Turkish—in fact, rather less), hope, and there may be too much reason for honest folk to fear, that this is just what will not be allowed. The Greek will be allowed to furnish matches for setting the Turkish ricks on fire; but, if the Turk sets his dogs on the Greek, the Powers will cry stave and tail. This, we say, is certainly hoped, and may be probably feared. But there is still some chance that it will not be so. Greece has been glutted with her neighbour's property of late years, and has plenty to do to bring what she has got into decent order without asking for more; while she is not strong enough to cope with the religious difficulty in Crete itself. Anyhow, whether she is or not, intimation ought to be conveyed to the Greek Government that a repetition of the old policy of stirring up insurrection in Crete, and then shrieking because it is put down, will not be allowed, and that (to vary the metaphor in compliment to Greek naval aspirations), if Greece takes to piracy, Turkey will be allowed letters of marque.

THE NEW CODE.

THE amount of talk about the New Education Code has been, and probably will continue to be, somewhat out of proportion to the real interest felt in it. Education, as we know, has been not only a hobby this many a year, but a very convenient excuse for fighting party battles. York and Salisbury have just shown how easily a doubtful zeal for teaching may be made a cover for a very genuine desire to annoy the Church. The way was prepared for the New Code by a Commission, which ended in a species of battle, forced on by the fanatics of undenominational teaching and by those whose religion takes the form of a hatred of all religion. It is not likely that this fight is fought out. Education has, moreover, the advantage of possessing the services of a great many gentlemen who command a fluent pen. Between those to whom it is a means and those to whom it is an end the successive Codes by which it is to be forwarded are tolerably sure of abundant comment. We doubt whether, apart from them, there is such a passionate interest in the subject as it is, in some quarters, the fashion to suppose. For the rest, the ideal held up by the orthodox "educationalist" does not look so magnificent as once it did. An almost enthusiastic commentator in the *Times* hopes that now teaching will be managed "in such a way as to ensure that all young people will be able to read their newspaper with ease, write a sensible letter, and cast up accounts." We have now had a sufficient experience of Board School education to doubt whether it is advantageous to be able to read the newspapers, if what ingenious youth reads is mainly the penny awful. The composition of sensible letters has also been discovered to depend on the possession of sense which comes by nature, and not by the teaching of reading and writing. Neither do we know that ignorance of the three R's ever yet prevented young people or old who were entitled to payment from casting up the amount of their claim with considerable accuracy.

To those who are not actually engaged in working at education, and not consumed by a fear that the Church of England is about to set up a Spanish Inquisition, the Code will be welcome chiefly in proportion to the promise it affords that we shall be relieved from the loud complaints we have heard for so long of the oppressive working of the old system on teachers and pupils alike. That part of it which deals directly with teaching is not the most interesting, except to professional critics, nor, we may add, the most obviously praiseworthy. Why, for instance, are questions involving recurring decimals and square measure not to be put to girls? They are quite as capable of answering them as boys, and are likely to find recurring decimals quite as useful. It is not, on the face of it, clear that the teaching of geography will be improved if maps are no longer to be demanded. We should have thought, judging by particular and general experience, that nothing is better calculated to interest either girl or boy in geography, or to give them definite ideas, than the exercise of making maps. The decision is the less

intelligible (or intelligent) because the New Code provides for the teaching of drawing as a part of the regular course. Now, if there is one kind of drawing which is a fit subject for general instruction, it is that which is mainly a matter of measurement. It is absolutely useless to teach any other except where there is a proved natural faculty in the pupil. The existence of that natural faculty, or the want of it, could be best discovered at the end of the years of schooling, when the three R's have been mastered. We wonder, also, what is gained by substituting an intimate knowledge of the geography of the United States for some acquaintance with the solar system and the phases of the moon. The sun and moon are surely of more general interest than the exact course of the Tombigbee? But it does not, after all, matter so much what you teach at school as how you teach it. The girl or boy who has been properly taught how to use a map will soon get the hang of the solar system and the phases of the moon if he or she wants to do so. The great thing is that they should want to and should know how. On the whole, we incline to think that they will stand a better chance of being inspired with the wish and supplied with the knowledge than they have hitherto. The Code provides for an increase in the number of teachers, which is in itself a good thing, and it will allow them a wider discretion, which is an excellent thing. The hard-and-fast system of payment by results is swept away, and it will no longer be the rule that a whole class must go from one standard to another together. Inspectors will no longer be required to examine all pupils, but only a proportion whom they will take at random. The grant will no longer depend on compliance with certain fixed rules, but will be given as a matter of course, and only withheld after warning when the Inspectors are convinced that the school is generally inefficient. There seems to be some probability that discontent will be felt with the power which is to be given to Inspectors to withhold any part of the additional grant in the case of schools which do not satisfy them. It is easy to understand that this provision does excite some discontent; but it will, we should imagine, be impossible merely to take the power away. There must be a check of some sort on the schools, and we do not see how a more efficient one can be found. The complaint itself seems to be an outcome of the prevalent modern preference for machinery over intelligence as a means of government. No mischief could ensue from the possession of this power by the Inspectors unless they are supposed to be incompetent to do their work with a decent regard for justice. Board School teachers may be pardoned for not wishing to trust to them entirely. Between the fads of some Inspectors and the fussy interference of managers, they have been driven in a style which they may pardonably remember with bitterness. Still there must be a check on school teachers and local managers, and there can be none unless there is a penalty, and a penalty must be inflicted by some authority. As the schools are to be judged by the Inspectors, the power to reward or punish can surely be left to them—provided, of course, that they are competent to exercise it. If there is any doubt on the point, the obvious remedy is to get a better body of Inspectors. Fear of their fairness or competence is the more unreasonable because the Code proposes to insist on more activity from a body of persons who are even less likely to prove capable. The school managers are to be called upon to do a great deal more than they have done hitherto in the way of supervision. A special provision of the Code forbids them to farm the school to the head-teacher. But if they are to do the work which in any other class of school but a Board one is left to the head-master, it would appear to be necessary that they should be competent. As a matter of fact, however, there is less guarantee for their fitness than for that of the Inspectors. These latter are at least selected officials who are required to have given some evidence of the possession of knowledge. A teacher might safely trust to them rather than to the manager, who may be, and very often is, merely a local busybody with no knowledge or competence whatever.

A more reasonable cause of complaint has been found in the retention of the old 17s. 6d. limit, which, it is felt, will deprive many small schools in country districts of the benefit of the increased grants altogether. If this is the case, there is good ground for attempting to amend the Code in its passage through Parliament. A hard-and-fast mechanical rule of this sort is precisely what the new Code was designed to remove, and its retention would greatly diminish the good which it is hoped is to be done. It

may even appear to some critics that the Code might well have gone further than it has in breaking down hard-and-fast rules, and in extending the powers of teachers. It is by no means so self-evident as it seems to be thought by the department, and by some of its judges, that it is a wholly good thing to forbid the "farming" of schools. When a Board school is farmed, the chief teacher still has, we imagine, rather less than the amount of power possessed by most masters of grammar schools. Unless these teachers are incompetent, they might, however, very well be allowed to have the same authority. It is, at least, as much their interest to maintain discipline as the interest of the managers, and they are certainly better qualified by position and experience to do it. We hear a great deal in connexion with other services of the advantage of undivided responsibility. It is not less useful in management than in naval and military administration. Too much "system" has not answered with us hitherto. We doubt whether it will in future. Before long a new crop of complaints will probably have grown up. For the present the New Code will be well received; and it is, at least, a move in the right direction—in the direction, that is, of the common sense which has hitherto been rather conspicuously wanting in the organization of Board schools.

EMIN AND THE GERMANS.

THE news in reference to EMIN Pasha, and his engagement with the Germans, lacks neither serious nor comic sides; but, perhaps, the comic aspect is the more obtrusive. Englishmen, at very considerable cost of money and (which is worse) of life, equip and man an expedition to "rescue" the Pasha; and he is no sooner rescued than he takes the first opportunity of going back for a consideration in the service of England's rivals. No one did more to put spokes in the wheels of the rescue than TIPPOO TIN, and EMIN issues an indignant Manifesto to the effect that he has neither part nor lot in bringing TIPPOO to book. His health is supposed to be shattered, and he undertakes an expedition into tropical Africa, in the most unhealthy time of the year. Lastly, being at least accused of indecision and over-mildmindedness, he takes service with the most peremptory, not to say ruthless, of European nations. We have no blame for him. He is a German, and he may think it his first duty to serve the German EMPEROR. His differences with his rescuer have been bruited to the four winds of Heaven by that rescuer himself; and it is certain that EMIN would be or more or less than human if his gratitude (supposing that he feels any due) to England were not overbalanced by his resentment against Mr. STANLEY. He is evidently never so happy as when with "natives," and this is an opportunity to get back to them. He may hope to play proconsul once more in his old province or elsewhere. He may simply have lost his nerve and judgment, and have been over-persuaded by Major WISSMANN, who, by all accounts, is a determined person. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that both he and Englishmen are in a very ludicrous position. If we are something extremely like the cat's paw, he is not himself extremely unlike the chestnut; or, to put it in another way, if he escapes the charge of ingratitude in going back, he can hardly escape that of imbecility in coming away.

There is, however, another and a very serious side to the matter. When it was decided to make a partition of the continent opposite Zanzibar between England and Germany—a measure with the wisdom of which we are not for the moment concerned—the division, of course, carried with it an obligation not to be anxious about a reasonable expansion of German influence towards the interior. We practically gave up Lake Tanganyika and its further shore as far as the Congo State claims admit to Germany, and by a very liberal construction it might be said that we also gave up the intervals between the Tanganyika and Lake Nyassa on the one hand and the Victoria Nyanza on the other. If we were not prepared to do this, or something like it, we ought not to have done that of which it is the natural construction and complement. But report and probability agree in declaring that the new expedition which EMIN is to command or accompany is to make not in any of these directions, but direct for the Victoria Nyanza itself, if not for the Equatorial Province. Now this is, in the first place, a direct violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the agreement as to "spheres," and, in

the second place, it may have consequences which demand the most serious consideration on England's part. The territories of the British East African Company, putting coast trade aside, are chiefly valuable as a highway to the Equatorial Lake districts. Those Lake districts, if they are to belong to any European nation at all, are English by their very names, by right of discovery, by the deeds which great Englishmen have performed in the nominal service of a Power which is now under England's virtual protection—by almost every title, in short, which can apply in such cases. Furthermore, the possession of them means, in effect, the possession of the head-waters of the Nile. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, when the first German soldier sets foot on the northern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, the outposts at Wady Halfa, if they are on the alert, should cry "Who goes there?" though more than a thousand miles may lie between them. The challenge might be a friendly one, and answered as by a friend; but the contact will have been established. Whether this contact is likely to have altogether satisfactory results is worth inquiring. To a mere exploring expedition no one can have any objection. But if there is going to be flag-hoisting and treaties with tribes, and all the other things which have been so fruitful of trouble elsewhere, it will be at least desirable to have an understanding with Germany where it is to stop, and to take care that the line of demarcation does not cut off access from Mombasa to Uganda and Wadelai. We find no fault with Major WISSMANN's warnings-off of English caravans from German territory. That is not our way of proceeding, but it is the German way, and the Germans will take it. For that very reason it behoves us to take care that people who are fond of shutting doors in others' faces are not made doorkeepers of the passage between Mombasa and Cairo.

MR. BAIRD "AT HOME"

ASSUMING it to be the fact, as a striking but somewhat over-ridden aphorism declares it to be, that "it takes all sorts to make a world," it would appear to follow that the original scheme of the universe could not have been fulfilled without provision for the existence therein of Mr. BAIRD, of 3 John Street, Mayfair. It is, at any rate, certain that to that arrangement we owe a more lively impression of the far-reaching variety of human nature than could have been communicated to us by any other means which, on the spur of the moment, we can imagine. There may, it is true, be other gentlemen of England—nay, there are possibly other householders of Mayfair whose pleasure and whose pride it would be, as it is Mr. BAIRD's, to entertain a select company of pugilists and bookmakers at supper in the small hours of the morning; but to meet with any other Corinthian host who stands in precisely the same relations towards his guests, and who treats and is treated by them in exactly the same way, would be too much to expect even of the prodigality of nature. There is something delightfully suggestive of the simplicity of an earlier stage of manners in the mere way in which the party was got together. When Mr. BAIRD arrived home, deposed MARGARET LEASK, his housekeeper, "he gave instructions that GOODE and COCKBURN were not to be admitted. They, however, forced their way past her," and were then apparently regarded by the host himself as having established their right to a seat at the supper-table. It was the legal maxim *fieri non debet factum valet* elevated to a superstition. What followed, however, was even more curious. For a time it would seem that host and guests, invited and uninvited, maintained peaceful relations with each other, and the "first signs of ill feeling that showed themselves"—we quote from the evidence of Mr. HARMAN, the "commission agent"—were exhibited in an "exchange of blows between COCKBURN and Mr. BAIRD." This, it would seem, is regarded at 3 John Street, Mayfair, as in itself indicating nothing more than a state of slightly-strained relations between the master of the house and his visitors; but Mr. BAIRD was apparently apprehensive that it might eventually lead to some serious breach of etiquette. Manuals on the Tone and Manners of Good Society are presumably silent as to what is the correct thing for a host to do when his head is punched by (1) an invited or (2) an uninvited guest; and Mr. BAIRD had to deal with this *casus omissus* according to the light of nature and the "reason of the thing." The course he ultimately adopted

was simple. To "avoid more bother and fuss" he went to bed.

So far, however, from avoiding these evils, his action, it is to be feared, precipitated them. At any rate, there followed thereupon a battle not, perhaps, "grim and great," but, at any rate, extremely mixed, the details of which have occupied the attention of the magistrate at Marlborough Street for what we venture to think a period disproportionate to its importance to the English nation. COCKBURN went up to Mr. BAIRD's bedroom, and Mr. BAIRD was heard to say "Don't let COCKBURN in." Upon that GOODE the pugilist took off his overcoat and ran upstairs to the support of COCKBURN, while MITCHELL the pugilist appeared on the stair-head as the supporter of Mr. BAIRD. MITCHELL knocked down COCKBURN; COCKBURN ran downstairs; GOODE went for MITCHELL, and MITCHELL for GOODE. "Each doing his best," as the bookmaker sympathetically testified; and the next thing seen of these conscientious workers by the same witness was their "falling down the stairs from the first landing to the passage." And CHARLES HARMAN, the commission agent, who then takes up the wondrous tale, deposed that when they went out—that is, the two visitors who had come without cards to Mr. BAIRD's "At Home"—"he saw that GOODE had some pieces of a poker in his hand, and MITCHELL had a bent poker with which he said GOODE had struck at him." He did not know, he added, "who threw the hats and coats out of the window."

Upon this evidence Mr. HANNAY, in a judgment of admirable lucidity and impartiality, refused to commit MITCHELL for trial. GOODE's wounds appeared at first to have been caused by blows from a poker; but it had transpired that there were upright projections on the stairs, against which, when two men were rolling down together, one of them might possibly get injured. Much may happen, we agree, when two men are rolling down a flight of stairs together—the situation is full of possibilities. But there were also, said Mr. HANNAY, with a combination of acumen and caution beyond all praise, "some circumstances to show that the poker which was used and carried off by GOODE was the poker that had been in use in the dining-room, and not, as we were at first led to suppose, a poker brought by MITCHELL from the bedroom." With this he discharged the prisoner amid "some slight applause"; and Mr. ABRAHAM declared that "this would be an absolute end to all ill feeling between the parties." That is well. "And so Heaven smile upon this fair conjunction."

TROUBLE IN RUSSIA.

IT is certainly early to decide whether the news from Russia is to be the forerunner of other and more serious information. As it is, the stories told look grave enough. Rumours that the CZAR is ill, however emphatically they may be contradicted, are awkward when they are accompanied by other rumours, exaggerated, perhaps, but certainly not baseless, of disturbances in more parts of the country than one, and of more kinds than one, and when there is a renewal of assertions that assassination plots are beginning again. The conduct of the Russian students in Kharkoff, Moscow, and St. Petersburg is, we can well believe, exceedingly foolish. A crowd of young Slavs with their mouths full of fine phrases and their heads full of wind is likely to behave in a silly manner. That they have issued manifestoes, and drawn up programmes for the regeneration of the human race, is highly probable. It is the nature of that people to do these things, and to walk in procession, making demands which could not be complied with unless Russia is to be turned upside down. It is also quite credible that they have hooted directors, and thrown the beadle out of the window. It is all abundantly silly; but it does not follow that it is not also serious. When a people has produced a large class which clamours for the abolition of everything, and possesses a Government not much wiser than its enemies, a little extra folly on either side at the right moment is very apt to produce a great deal of bloodshed. In Russia, too, absurdity is often found united with much desperate fanaticism, which commits the most violent crimes. When we hear of new Nihilist plots, of the formation of Polish Committees in St. Petersburg, of unrest in Finland, and of peasant commotions, we have not much heart to laugh at the follies of the schoolboys at Kharkoff,

or the juvenile pomposity of the students at Moscow. Such things in Russia so easily end in murder, the gallows, and Siberia—which are not laughing matters.

Even, however, if somebody is murdered, and several are hanged, and many more are sent to Siberia, it will still remain to be seen what that means. Western Europe is apt to forget, apparently, that these are not new things in Russia. They have not only existed since the Nihilist movement began; there never was a time when they did not go on. All Czars of Russia have lived in fear, or at least in danger, of assassination. The greatest of them all had to deal with enemies in his own house, and did it in a very dreadful fashion. There have been palace conspiracies, popular revolts, and rabid fanaticisms one after another. At the end of it all the Russian Government remains, except on the outside, much what it was in the days of IVAN the Terrible. ALEXANDER III. may, and in all probability will, surmount the difficulties about him as his fathers did. If he perishes, as many of them perished, it does not follow that the despotic Government will disappear with him. It has in its favour the vitally important facts that its enemy is sheer anarchy, and that every community must enjoy some modicum of orderly administration. The wild-looking story of the last murder plot has a certain probability—in Russia. A Russian, we should imagine, is the only man in the world who would behave as the alleged naval officer is said to have behaved—would first join a secret society which might order him to kill his sovereign, and then, when he was ordered to do so, commit suicide to save his family trouble, after carefully drawing up a statement which explained his conduct and must bring on them the very discredit he professed to desire to save them from. It seems incredible that a sane human being should act in this fashion. If there was such a naval officer, it would seem that he must have been mad, and yet Russians have behaved like that. It is possibly because it understands better than foreigners how terribly dangerous dreamers and talkers are apt to be in Russia that the CZAR's Government is so nervous about the disturbances at the Universities. To foreigners it appears that when three or four hundred undergraduates publish a rattling proclamation, the best course to take is to say—as the CZAR did about Mme. TSHEBRIKOVA's pamphlet—These are very bitter words, but we can let the boys alone. Unfortunately, Russia is essentially an Oriental country, and any Government which allows itself to be treated with disrespect is liable very soon to find itself openly defied. Therefore, out of sheer fear of the final consequences, it is apt to stamp on the beginnings of disorder with ferocity.

THE LATEST CASE OF "EXCLUSIVE DEALING."

IF Mr. GLADSTONE has any time to spare from his present undertaking of proving to Sir JOHN COLOMB that it is "grossly inaccurate" to describe one hundred and fifty millions sterling as greater than forty-three millions, he might with advantage devote it to a consideration of the case of RICHARD QUINLAN, on whose behalf an appeal has just been made through the columns of the *Times* by Colonel TURNER. QUINLAN, he will see, has, to use Mr. GLADSTONE's own admirable phrase, been "exclusively"—very exclusively—"dealt with" by the Nationalists of Cork. His record before he subjected himself to this form of correction at the hands of a party who astonish Mr. GLADSTONE by their moderation and good behaviour seems to have been creditable enough. He served twenty-two years in the army, where his conduct is described as having been "exemplary"; he rose to the rank of a colour-sergeant, and was granted a good-conduct medal, with a pension of two shillings a day. He has for some years kept a licensed house and a yard for vehicles, horses, and cattle. For the goodwill of his house and premises he paid 450*l.*, and spent 200*l.* on improvements, and his rent is 150*l.* per year. He is a steady, sober man, of good business habits, and altogether, as Mr. GLADSTONE will perceive, he appears to have deserved the fair measure of prosperity which he enjoyed up till within a recent period.

Of his subsequent conduct, and in particular of the offence which he gave to the susceptibilities of sensitive people, we do not expect Mr. GLADSTONE to approve; but we shall not, of course, conceal it. QUINLAN "refused to put up his shutters in obedience to a mandate to do so as a protest against the prison treatment of Mr. O'BRIEN,

"M.P." Perhaps he remembered—though we do not for a moment urge this in palliation of his conduct—that no shutters were put up in any part of Ireland when Mr. GLADSTONE, aided and abetted by Lord SPENCER and the Mr. TREVELYAN of that day, stretched out Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON on a plank-bed; and it may have been—we only say it may have been—a case of honest incapacity on Mr. QUINLAN's part to distinguish between one kind of coercion and another. This, however, does not exhaust the sum of QUINLAN's offences. He refused to subscribe to the Tenants' Defence Fund; he allowed the use of his yard to one of Mr. SMITH-BARRY's men; and, worst of all, he had the deplorable rashness to appear as a witness against Mr. JOHN SLATTERY, President of the South of Ireland Cattle Association, and to depose to the fact that that patriot had attempted to intimidate and prevent him from admitting to his yard some animals which Mr. SLATTERY and his friends chose to look upon as boycotted.

Thereupon a most "rigid system of boycotting and intimidation"—the phrase is Colonel TURNER's, and we leave him to deal exclusively with it—was organized against QUINLAN and his customers. On the night of Mr. SLATTERY's conviction, a ruffian—a warm-hearted and impetuous "ruffian"—entered the house, and threw a tumbler at his daughter. A few days later a countryman entering his yard was assaulted. Spies were set to watch the premises. QUINLAN's son, "a most respectable youth" of nineteen, was discharged from his employment; and the father's business is totally ruined, as very few customers have the courage to go near him. Up to the end of last year he was making a clear profit of 200*l.*; now apparently he is within measurable distance of bankruptcy. As we have said before, we do not venture in pressing the case upon Mr. GLADSTONE's notice to extenuate QUINLAN's transgressions. Transgressions at least they must be; because they are acts of the kind which the right hon. member for Mid Lothian has more than once represented as justifying "exclusive dealing" on the part of the people. But what we do desire to urge upon Mr. GLADSTONE is a fair consideration of the question whether QUINLAN's punishment is not approaching, and even threatening to exceed, the measure of his offence. Excellent a thing as "exclusive dealing" is, and thoroughly as it may commend itself to Mr. GLADSTONE's conscience, heart, and intelligence, he will yet, we suppose, admit that it is capable of being abused. What is his opinion on that point in the present case?

OUTLANDISH PETS.

WE learn that meercats are "a drug" at the Zoological Gardens, offered so freely that the authorities find themselves compelled to decline receiving them "on deposit." This is not surprising. More varieties of pet have long been wanted to match the growing eccentricity of our household decorations. A lady whose entrance-hall is built up to the semblance of a Cairene interior, with *bona fide* carvings from the old Mosqueh, dado of plaques from Damascus, and authentic hangings from Aleppo; whose reception-room is Indian, dining-room Japanese, boudoir Louis Seize, and salon a museum of cosmopolitan bric-à-brac, may well feel that plain cat and dog do not meet all the varied necessities of the situation. That delightful little creature, the meercat, is peculiarly welcome under such circumstances; but, again, it proves to have certain demerits. In fact, considering the great number of pretty and harmless animals to be found up and down the world, it seems very curious that so few should be adapted for a drawing-room existence in this country—or, indeed, in any other. Old travellers are often asked to suggest an outlandish pet, as we can testify; but the demand is not easily answered. Doubtless meercats are the best all round; but they have their faults, and, besides, they are terribly liable to consumption. Our damp winters and, above all, our draughty floors are very trying to animals that live underground in the South African veldt. We ourselves kept one for nearly three years, having caught it when a baby; the scenes of its illness and death from inflammation of the lungs are pathetic to the degree which only those who have kept meercats could credit. At the first sign of indisposition we sent its successors to the Regent's Park, and the authorities were overjoyed to receive them, sixteen years ago—the first male they ever had and the third female. It may comfort some of those who cherish these pets to learn that the former must have been nine years old when it died and the latter twelve; they may have been much older.

It is not worth while to describe animals so easily observed at this day. In brief, the meercat resembles a chubby weasel, nine or ten inches in length, the short tail included, with grey, broken fur, muzzle and ears of black velvet, the loveliest of eyes and the silkiest of lashes, a small, unceasing, cooing cry most restful

to hear, and endless pretty ways. To behold one of them sitting upright by the hearth, with pendent paws, as its manner is, watching every movement in the room—or even outside the window—changing its note continually as fancies pass through its shrewd little brain, delights the dullest soul. It has an extraordinary range of voice, mounting from the soft coo to a bark of passion—by no means so agreeable to hear. One could hardly exaggerate the charm of this pet. Upon the other hand, we must not conceal that the meercat has disadvantages. Though loving, it never yields its independence, and if one be resolved to forbid any diversion on which its little heart is set, our experience strongly advises that it be thrust into its cage with the utmost promptitude. Those pretty teeth are sharp as needles and keen as razors. It cannot be induced to respect the carpet, scratching it up like a terrier at a rabbit-hole, chattering the while in an eager, bustling tone most musical, which warns the housewife, fortunately. Special care is needed, however, when you interrupt your "cat" at this work. And those we have known would not endure a dog. We have known an exception to this rule, but it is taken for granted in South Africa. The dauntless rage of the tiny creature as it springs to attack a mastiff or Newfoundland, with a kind of choking scream, appears to terrify the fiercest dog. We never saw one stand its ground, and they say on the veldt that the meercat is always victorious, leaping to his enemy's throat at a bound and severing the jugular.

Several other animals are domesticated in South Africa, but rarely, for it is not worth while to tame them. There is the Cape marmot, an intimate friend of the meercat—partner of its house, indeed, if not exactly of its bed; but a dull creature. Jackals and antelopes are seen sometimes, but both painfully timid. There is one antelope, however—not found in those parts—which can really be called a pet, and that is the gazelle, loved of poets, who represent it as gentle above all things. Such is not our experience. Quite the contrary. For vehemence and resolve in charging the stranger a mad bull is not in it with the mild gazelle; whilst for promptitude in making up its mind and activity in pursuing the routed foe it may be compared to an angry wasp. These peculiarities make it a most amusing creature, of course, for the young people. But we recall a very interesting pet in South Africa. This was a mayhen—a tall bird of the crane family, as our unscientific impression goes—distinguished by a diadem of singular beauty. It lived in a stable at the end of the street in Hopetown—one might use the definite article at that time, for there was but one. At the opposite end lived a Kaffir crane in another stable. Both birds were let out early to pick up their living on the veldt. If the crane were set free first, it roamed aimlessly up and down until the mayhen found it; and then their greeting was pretty. But if the latter were earliest, she started up the road with hasty strides, turning her graceful head neither to right nor left, took post at the stable-door, and there awaited her friend. They spent the day together, and at nightfall returned side by side. The mayhen passed her own dwelling—if they entered the street that way—and stalked along to the crane's stable, saw it go in, and went to her own nest. This pleasing little spectacle had been a show for strangers a good long while when we saw it—doubtless one of the friends is dead now, if not both, and we would like to hear how the survivor bore the shock. We have regarded mayhens ever since with tenderness; surely the keepers at the Zoo must have remarked some signs of a like devotion among those under their charge. When we broke into the King's private courtyard in the palace at Coomassie one of these handsome creatures came running up, with neck outstretched and crest nodding eagerly. So famished was she as to take biscuit from the hand, though that could hardly be natural food for her. We were surprised to find the species so far to the north. By-the-bye, the Ashantee monarch or some of his wives had a love for tortoises more than American. The courtyard was littered with them.

Of pet birds we do not desire to speak, but there is one species, or perhaps variety, to which attention should be called. This is the yellow parroquet, peculiar to Mombacho, the great mountain of Nicaragua. There is no specimen of it in Europe, we have been told. But among the innumerable parroquets not one approaches this, whether for beauty or intelligence or loving disposition. That is a stupid family indeed, but the Mombacho species, as clearly and wholly yellow as a canary, resembles a parrot in its knowingness, and the tamest of pigeons in its affection. It may be added that the curassow becomes very familiar in this, its native country. One of the frights which dwell most distinctly in our recollection, after a life of travel, was caused by a flock of these birds. We went to deliver a letter of introduction on the very day of landing; when, in a little belt of timber near the house, without a second's warning, twenty or thirty great curassows swooped from the trees above, and actually overwhelmed us, lighting on our shoulders and our head, struggling, flapping their great wings, hoarsely crying, and suffocating us under their warm breasts.

The mongoose is not pretty enough to be a pet in countries where his habits of life give him no extraneous charm. An Anglo-Indian lady who cherishes her "goose" does not distinguish his personal fascination from his professional utility. We do not feel so sure as we should wish that he hunts cobras; but every one gives him credit for that virtue, and undoubtedly he kills rats. There is no question, of course, that the mongoose

will attack a snake; he will attack anything that moves swiftly along the ground. The fury of our dear lost Jingo when a ball was trundled in his sight, and some one held him, approached dementia. He also ended his days in the Zoo "on deposit." The mongoose is certainly one of the drollest of animals, and we are not aware that he has any fault except mischief of the personal class—that is, he tears nothing, and does not very often carry things to his den. But for humorous surprises he has unequalled ingenuity. Owing to the arrangement of our room, callers generally sat upon a couch draped to the floor. If a strange lady entered, Jingo slipped out of sight—not for nervousness or timidity; he was unacquainted with those feelings. Then he crept up the hanging stuff, with never a rustle, and when the lady was most interested in the exposition of her business, he stretched his long body and introduced a very cold, sharp nose between her hair and her collar—with results which we need not detail. That this was pure, conscious fun, no one familiar with Jingo could doubt. It would have been less effective had he been prettier, but less objectionable also. Those who like this sort of thing, and see no drawback in little red eyes, ungraceful form, and nondescript colour, should get a mongoose.

We have known some engaging bears—not the awful Russian bear, but those little black fellows called "Honey" or "Malayan." A Russian bear is monstrously droll during the first few months of its existence, but it begins to quarrel and fight as soon as it can see, unless kept by itself. There is a very well-known restaurant behind the Hôtel d'Angleterre, in St. Petersburg, where hams and steaks, and paws—perhaps of bear—can always be found in the season, and young ones are on sale. We nearly bought a most amusing little specimen once; but on demand the Tartar produced, very unwillingly, its brother and sister. The three flew to battle at sight, and before they could be separated one lost an eye. Honey bears have no such vicious disposition, and one finds them domesticated sometimes in the Farther East. They are always bearish, however, which is not wholly surprising—apt to give serious wounds in pure innocence of heart and high spirits. Within our experience a trusted favourite bit away the whole crown of a pith helmet on its master's head with one joyous gulp—his skull would have fared much the same if unprotected. Of the innumerable squirrels up and down the world we have never seen one tamed; though they are all beautiful, from the black and white fellow, not bigger than a mouse, of Central America to the giant of Borneo, with a bright red stripe down its side. One would think that Tommy Atkins must have tried his hand upon those pretty little creatures that dwell by the score in every tree of Bengal almost—round Allahabad, for example. Doubtless the monkey tribe furnishes the very best of pets, the most graceful and amusing; but of these species none will live in our climate of draughts and moisture, unless under conditions fatal to the enjoyment of their charming ways. Dearest of all animals, to our mind, is the "Wa-Wa" ape of the Far East. Whether it curl with both arms around one's neck, softly cooing, or swing for many minutes on the arm of one's chair, or suddenly fly, like a bird, to and fro, noiseless and careful as a cat, it is always delightful. But such pets are not for those who stay at home.

THE OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON.

BEFORE noticing the first race-meeting of the present season, we will venture to say a few words about the racing of last year. It is somewhat remarkable that, while the total number of horses that ran in the course of it, in spite of the immense increase in the stakes offered for competition, was smaller by several hundreds than that of twenty years ago, more two-year-olds ran than in any previous year in the whole history of the turf, and, for the last three years, there has been a steady increase in their numbers, which have been respectively 908, 949, and 986. In respect to horses five years old and upwards, the record tells a directly opposite story; for, whereas in the last triad of years their numbers were 386, 321, and 316, in that of twenty years ago they were 637, 617, and 617. It is encouraging, however, to notice that this very week all the seven starters for the Nottingham Spring Handicap were five or more, the first, second, and last in the race being aged. The total value of stakes won in England rose from 404,311*l.* in 1888, to 442,152*l.* in 1889. Statistics concerning the winning owners and winning sires of 1889, while they surpass all precedent in magnitude, are scarcely so instructive as usual, for it was the first year of several immense stakes, and the extraordinary success of Donovan raised the winnings of the Duke of Portland and Galopin, under these conditions, to amounts which make it useless to compare them with those of other owners and sires in previous years. Indeed, if we deduct the winnings of the Duke's two great horses, Donovan (38,665*l.*) and Ayrshire (20,660*l.*), from the returns of the stock of Galopin (43,516*l.*) and Hampton (35,091*l.*), the latter stallion has the better "all-round" record of the pair. For a stallion in his first season, the success of St. Simon, with winnings to the amount of 24,280*l.*, were most exceptional; and they exceed what were considered the extraordinary winnings of Bend Or in his second season, when his son, Ormonde, was at the zenith of his fame. The highest price given for a single yearling last year was 4,000 guineas, for a colt by St. Simon, which, as we shall notice presently, has already won the

first important two-year-old race of the season; but the average price of his yearlings, as well as those of all other sires, was exceeded by that of the yearlings of Isonomy, whose total winnings of 20,841*l.* were, however, rather less than in 1888. The whole amount realized by the sale of yearlings last year (about 200,000 guineas) was larger than it had ever been, and we believe that the average for each lot—about 300 guineas—had never been equalled. T. Loates rode more winners than any other jockey last season; the greatest number, next to his 167, being the 128 of George Barrett, followed by the 80 of F. Barrett, who had headed the list in the previous year.

That the new racing law with regard to partnerships is a move in the right direction cannot be doubted. In future "all partnerships, and the name and address of every person having any interest in a horse, the relative proportions of such interest"—often an important point to be considered—"and the terms of sale, with contingencies, lease, or arrangement"—matters which sometimes have practically much in common with an actual partnership—"must be signed by all the parties, and lodged at the registry office, &c.," before a horse in which more than one person has an interest "can be entered or start for any race." The old rule simply provided that "all partnerships, and the name of every person having any interest in a horse, must be entered at the registry office, &c." before the horse "can start for any race." The names of the several partners could thus be kept secret until the last moment, as to hand in the declaration to the clerk of the course for transmission to the registry office was sufficient. Even then the general public rarely knew anything about these registered partnerships; whereas by the new rule "all partnerships, sales with contingencies, or leases, shall be published, in the real or assumed names, in the next available Racing Calendar"; and not only that, for all "partnerships and leases shall be republished annually so long as they continue." That ardent Turf reformer, Lord Durham, in an article in the *New Review*, advocates the total abolition of partnerships; and there is much to be said in favour of his view of the matter; yet the entire banning of partnerships would press somewhat hardly in certain cases. It is to be feared, too, that the total abolition of partnerships would not do away with all the evils which Lord Durham deplores. Possibly Lord Durham may be able to remember a trial, in the course of which evidence cropped up, suggesting the idea that something very like a partnership in several racehorses might conceivably exist without any registration or declaration whatever.

The racing season opened on the 24th of last month with a wet afternoon. Mr. Maple had the honour of winning the first flat race of the year. That brilliant "sprinter," Mr. L. de Rothschild's Galloping Queen, showed so much temper at the post for the Bathany Stakes that, although first favourite, she was too much exhausted to take a prominent part in the race, which was won by Sir R. Jardine's Pilgrim, a 20 to 1 outsider, who had only run three times in his two previous seasons, and had never won a race. The success of Colonel North's Simonian, his four-thousand-guinea colt by St. Simon out of a Silvio mare, in the Brocklesby Stakes on the Tuesday was an encouragement to purchasers of yearlings at high prices, as in his first race he won 1,114*l.* in stakes, and, according to the *Sportsman*, "something like 3,000*l.*" in bets for his owner. The second in the race, Mr. Abington's Macuncas, who started first favourite, had only cost 150 guineas as a yearling; and the third, the Duke of Portland's filly, Charm, was, like the winner, by St. Simon. Mr. W. Low's Patrol, who had been purchased for 1,300 guineas, was beaten when about half the race had been run. Lord Hastings's Jessamy, a Beau Brummel filly with considerable size, reach, and freedom of action, made the running, but only got in fourth. It was the general opinion that the field for the Brocklesby Stakes was a very good one; but, while every credit must be given to Simonian for the way in which he defeated his opponents in such heavy ground, it remains to be seen whether some of them may not show very different form over ordinary going.

Very soon after the betting opened, many weeks before the race, it became evident that the Lincolnshire Handicap had been compiled with great skill. One of the earliest favourites was Mr. J. Hammond's Laureate, the winner of last year's Cambridgeshire, who had seemed to win that race with a good deal in hand. In the Cambridgeshire he had received 2 lbs. more than weight for age from The Rejected and had beaten him by several lengths; he was now to give him 9 lbs. more than weight for age, and the question was whether the 11 lbs. difference would enable Mr. J. O'Neill's great, muscular, weight-carrying, but awkward-necked horse to turn the tables on his more aristocratic-looking conqueror. Sir R. Jardine's Sweetbriar was made first favourite on the 10th of March. On her form of last year, when she ran twice unplaced, her chance appeared hopeless; but as a two-year-old she had won four races out of five, including the Rous Memorial at Goodwood, and the Harrington Stakes at Derby. She was now to receive 21 lbs., or 16 lbs. more than weight for sex, from Laureate. If she should have returned to her two-year-old form this, it was thought, would be far too wide a margin; yet many critics maintained to the end that, with all her muscle, strength, and depth of girth, she had lost the beautiful action which she had shown in her first season on the turf. Laureate was only to give Mr. H. McAlmont's Claribelle 6 lbs. extra for the two-lengths beating which she had received from him in the Cambridgeshire, and since then she had been unplaced twice. The first favourite

at the start was Lord Rodney's bay horse Danbydale, who had been left at the post for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, after starting an extraordinarily hot favourite. It was hoped that he would now bring off the great coup which he should have made then; and, handicapped almost 2 st. below the highest weight, he at least had an excellent opportunity given him of so doing. Colonel North's Royal Star, who had cost him 1,900 guineas last July, and had lost every one of the eleven races for which he ran in the course of the year, was esteemed 24 lbs. below Laureate by the handicappers; but, although not a winner, some of his placings were of considerable merit. Prince Soltykoff's Lord George, again, who had run eight times last season without winning, had some fair placings to boast of; but at 7 st. 3 lbs. this plain, coarse, big-boned, and rather leggy chestnut colt was little fancied. General Owen Williams's light-framed grey mare, Shimmer, had only won a single race out of nine last year, and at 7 st. 1 lb. she was treated fairly enough.

There was a good start, and the running was made by Sweetbriar, Lord George, and Shimmer. When they had run about half the course they were joined by the first favourite, Danbydale. Soon afterwards Sweetbriar was beaten, and in her retreat she was accompanied by Ormuz and the at one time greatly dreaded French horse, Modèle, both of whom had been holding good positions. Danbydale was not able to maintain his place in the front rank very long, and Lord George held the lead when they had run nearly three-quarters of the race. About a quarter of a mile from home he resigned it to Shimmer, and opposite the Stand she in turn yielded to The Rejected, who eventually beat her by a length and a half. As the stakes were worth 1,455*l.*, and he started at 18 to 1, The Rejected achieved a profitable victory, and it was satisfactory to see a couple of six-year-olds running first and second. It is always a matter for satisfaction, too, when a handicap is won by a thoroughly exposed horse. The Rejected is in-bred to Touchstone, who was his great-great-grand sire on both sides as well as the grandsire of his granddam. In the last race of the meeting honour was once more done to the young sire St. Simon, as a little, lightly-made filly by him called St. Bridget, and belonging to the Duke of Portland, started fourth favourite, made all the running, and beat a field of eight for the Lincoln Plate.

For the Molyneux Stakes of 924*l.*, at Liverpool, the favourite was Mr. Abington's Macuncas, who, as we have already said, had run second to Colonel North's Simonian at Lincoln; yet many people fancied Colonel North's 2,300-guinea colt, Sir Frederick Roberts, who was reported to be very little inferior to Simonian. Macuncas, however, won, after a pretty race with Lord Londonderry's Derelham, a grey colt by Melton, and Sir Frederick Roberts was absolutely the last in the race. Among the unplaced division was another expensive purchase, Lord Calthorpe's Blavatsky, who had cost 1,950 guineas as a yearling. The Union Jack Stakes of 1,000*l.* was won by the Duke of Westminster's Bend Or colt, Orweil, who was last season something like a stone behind the best two-year-old of his year. Mr. W. de la Rue's grandly-made horse, Shillelagh, in winning the Prince of Wales's Plate of 800*l.* gained his first victory since his great coup in the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot the year before last. The best form shown in the race, however, was that by Sir R. Jardine's Wise Man, the first favourite, who gave Shillelagh 9 lbs., and, after swerving when his jockey raised his whip, ran him to half a length. Right Away and Heresy, both of whom had done some smart things as two-year-olds, met in the race for the Bickerstaffe Stakes of 700*l.* for three-year-olds, on the Friday, and the former, who had a 5 lbs. advantage at weight for age, won easily. In the Sefton Park Two-year-old Plate of the same value, Sir J. T. Mackenzie's Cloudberry, who started at 20 to 1, won a very pretty race from Polenta, the first favourite. Sheldrake, the sixth in the race, was another of Colonel North's expensive purchases, having cost 2,500 guineas as a yearling. We have not space to notice at any length the Grand National Steeplechase, which, as everybody knows, was won by Mr. G. Masterman's chestnut gelding, Ilex, the first favourite, ridden by A. Nightingall. There was an unusual number of falls. Only six of the sixteen starters ran the whole course, and even one of this half-dozen had fallen and been remounted.

The easy victory of Father Confessor for the Liverpool Cup, on the Friday, proved that Mr. Abington showed good judgment in giving 900 guineas for him last December.

BARNET FIELD.

(Easter Day, April 14, 1471.)

THE neighbourhood of London is not quite so rich in battle-fields as that of Paris; but there are several to be found, and of these Barnet Field is less hopelessly swallowed up by building than many of the others. Where the roads from Barnet to St. Albans and Hatfield divide, south of Wrotham Park, an obelisk stands with an inscription to commemorate the battle, though it is really behind the line of the Earl of Warwick's army. The injunction upon it to stick no bills shows for what purpose this generation really values a monument. The field of battle lies between it and Barnet. Edward IV. had lost the throne, in 1470, by his own carelessness and want of provision against the schemes of Warwick and his party. "A prince of no great

management nor foresight," Philippe de Comines described him, and such he appeared. The further description—"A man of an invincible courage, and the most beautiful prince my eyes ever beheld"—was to be proved equally true on his return in 1471. He won back his throne by sheer hard fighting, and his beauty and too pleasing manners were said to have influenced the citizens' wives of London to win over their husbands to his side. Edward came to England equipped with money and musketeers, Dutchmen armed with hand-guns, from the Duke of Burgundy. Charles the Bold was not over-pleased at the resort to him of Edward for help; but the support of France given to the Lancastrians and Warwick left him no choice but to back the cause of his royal brother-in-law. The excuses made by Edward when he landed in England to the citizens of York and others, that he had merely come to recover his dukedom of York, were too transparently false to be believed by any one, except by those who were willing to take any reason for doing nothing themselves. Orderly people in England were, in fact, in a difficulty. Edward had been formerly supported in a general revulsion of spirit against the incapacity of the Lancastrians. His easy fall had made people look with great suspicion upon his capacity for government. Even after Barnet, the Pastons in their Letters evidently consider him likely to fail, and in Halle's judgment such an adventurer as the Bastard of Falconbridge had a good chance of mastering him after Tewkesbury. Not believing in Edward, people had turned to the side of King Henry, hoping that the Earl of Warwick would govern firmly in his name. Now, on Edward's return self-interest was drawn in opposite ways, loyal feelings of allegiance there were probably none, and even party spirit was infected by treachery.

Edward's march from York was close by the scene of his former victory at Towton. The Marquess of Montacute, who lay at Pontefract, let him go by within a few miles. The accusation was strongly supported that the Marquess was betraying his brother Warwick, and it is quite possible. Clarence of course threw up the cause of his father-in-law and rejoined his brother, and Warwick, uncertain upon whom he could rely, let the combined Yorkist forces pass on towards London. Then realizing, apparently, the danger of London coming over to Edward, he marched after him, in company with his brother and the Lancastrian lords, Oxford and Exeter. Somerset left London and joined him upon the march. In London George Neville, Archbishop of York, was probably, like many others, looking out for the winning side. He caused King Henry "to ride about London apparelled in a gown of blue velvet, with a great company crying 'King Henry! King Henry!' which sight as much pleased the citizens as a fire painted on the wall warned the old woman." The citizens were indifferent to him, or actually inclining to King Edward. At all events, the city was not well prepared for resistance against an attack from any side but the river. King Edward came first before their gates, and was admitted. The occupation of London was probably his salvation. Had Warwick first occupied the city, or even been close upon Edward's rear, so as to make resistance possible, it would have gone hard with the Yorkists. In London, however, which he reached on the eve of Good Friday, April 11th, Edward found men, money, and arms. Warwick heard at St. Albans of Edward's success, and turned off the direct road to encamp near Barnet.

To one coming up from London, Chipping Barnet is as a city set on a hill. The road has been carried up by an artificial embankment in latter days, so as to avoid some of the former excessive steepness; but the natural slope towards Totteridge Park is very steep, facing south-west and south-east, and throwing off its drainage one way to the Brent, the other to the Lea. Had Warwick occupied the brow of the hill with his artillery and archers, the task of forcing it would have been formidable. It was perhaps with a view to tempting Edward to fight as soon as possible that he did not do so, but lay encamped a mile back upon the level ground north of the town. Here, in the words of Halle, "is a fair plain for two armies to join together." Firm and open ground for the evolutions of the heavy-armed troops he probably means; but he writes of the choice of ground for a battle as if he were talking of selecting a good pitch for a match. A modern commander with Warwick's superiority in artillery would have held Chipping Barnet and the brow of the hill. The fair plain juts out in a peninsula of high ground towards the east by the village of Monken Hadley; elsewhere upon that side the ground falls rapidly away into the valley now traversed by the main line of the Great Northern, but in those days occupied by the outskirts of Enfield Chase. The hill also slopes away, though not so steeply on the west side. Behind the position of Warwick, more than a mile from the centre of Barnet town, is Wrotham Park, where, in 1756, Admiral Pym was living, and whence he came up to his trial and execution. Here the plain broadens out considerably.

On April 13th, Easter Eve, Edward marched out of London, and surprised an outpost of Warwick's army in Barnet and occupied the town. Pushing on further, he encamped in the level fields north of Barnet Church, on ground now partly occupied by buildings, and threw up slight entrenchments to guard against a night-attack from the enemy, who were close at hand. All night long "they loosed guns one upon the other"; but Edward had drawn so near in the dusk that the fire of Warwick's gunners was ineffectual, and the shot fell beyond the King's army. On the morning of Easter Day—early in the morning on the first day of the week—when Mass was beginning to be said in

the churches, the two armies were in array. Warwick himself and Exeter commanded on their left, the Duke of Somerset commanded the archers in the centre, the Earl of Oxford and the Marquess of Montacute the right. Their position was about on the line of two cross roads which come into the main road north from Barnet, about half-way between Barnet Church and the Obelisk. The Earl's left wing was in advance of Monken Hadley Church, his right wing rested upon a moated house, the remains of which still exist. Edward's army was arranged in three divisions. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, here on his first stricken field, commanded the van; Edward himself and Clarence the second battle; Hastings the rear. Beyond these was a small reserve. The fog lay so thick in the early morning that the armies could not see each other. Oxford and Montacute, finding no enemy in their front, fell to their left upon the left flank of Edward's army, and scattered it, so that some fleeing along the road to London, brought news that the King's army was defeated. Edward's right wing, meanwhile, had outflanked Warwick towards Monken Hadley, and was pushing him hard; but the Earl's reserves were brought up to restore the battle. The final catastrophe illustrates the instability of the alliance of Warwick and the Lancastrians, who always suspected each other of treachery. The victorious wing, under the Earl of Oxford and the Marquess, had pursued their enemies into Barnet town, and then turned up the hill again, probably by the lane that leads up from Barnet Gate and Rowley Green. Emerging upon the open ground they found themselves in front of Somerset's archers in their own centre. The latter, mistaking the De Vere badge of a star for Edward's badge of a sun, shot a volley into them, whereupon they cried treason and left the field. With his right dispersed and his left already outflanked, Warwick saw that he was defeated, and trying to escape fell into a *cul-de-sac* in the woods and was overtaken and slain. Tradition still marks the spot in Wrotham Park. His brother also fell, some say struck down by one of his own men who saw him changing his badge for that of King Edward's party. Exeter, Edward's brother-in-law, escaped desperately wounded from the field, to die of distress and want later. Somerset joined the Queen in the West, and was taken and executed after Tewkesbury; Oxford lived to come back triumphantly and command for Richmond at Bosworth. There is a letter preserved of his to his wife, written during his flight from Barnet. The place of writing does not appear, but it is probably towards the Welsh border. "I am, thank God, eschapp'd my selfe, and sodenly departed fro my men; for I undyrstand my chapleyn wold have betrayed me; and if he com in to the contre let him be mad seuer." He desires to have all the ready money possible, and as many of his men as can come, well horsed, who are to come in divers parties. Also his horse and his steel saddles, which are to be covered with leather. Oxford evidently was looking forward to a prolonged struggle. Four days after the battle Sir John Paston wrote to his mother to acquaint her with his own safety and that of his brother John Paston, the latter being wounded, not severely, by an arrow in the arm. Paston, too, who had been with Warwick, considered their cause not lost, but writes:—"God hath shewed Himself marvellously like Him that made all and can undo again when Him list; and I can think that by all likelihood shall shew Himself as marvellous again, and that in short time; and as I suppose oftener than once in cases like." The cause of his hopes is that he hears that "the Queen Margaret is verily landed, and her son, in the west country." The wounded John Paston also writes, on April 30, that he trusts in a week to have other tidings. Four days after this last letter the Queen's army was destroyed and her son killed at Tewkesbury. Hadley Wood and High Barnet Stations are both of them suitable for those wishing to seek the ground of Barnet Field from London, or a walk from Potter's Bar to High Barnet Station will bring the explorer right across the battle-field from north to south.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE New English Art Club has not been well advised in shifting its quarters from the Egyptian Hall to a set of rooms in Humphrey's Mansions, Knightsbridge. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" we know; but the advantage of being closer to Kensington and Brompton is dearly bought at the price of the advantages which a properly-built gallery offers. The rooms at Knightsbridge are spacious; but they are extremely ill-lighted, and when we visited them, although the day was bright, it was almost impossible to do justice to many of the works of art. The pastels were a mist of chalk, the oil-pictures a blaze of varnish, or else the one and the other modestly retired into invisibility. The school has lately been seen well at the Dudley Gallery and eminently well in New Bond Street; it cannot be seen to advantage at Knightsbridge. The vastness of the new galleries, moreover, has induced the Hanging Committee to include a great deal that is not first-rate even when measured by the standard of the "Incoherents" themselves. The honours of the hour, such as they are, rest with Mr. Walter Sickert, Mr. Wilson Steer, and Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, to neither of whom, however exacting the definition we use, can the name of artist be denied. Mr. Sickert exhibits none but portraits, including a ghostly "Mr. Bradlaugh"

(27) and a "Mr. Wilson Steer" (104). Mr. Steer has repeated the compliment and exhibits a "Mr. Walter Sickert" (101). There is vivid force in Mr. Steer's crude study of a red-cheeked girl in dark blue, called "Jonquil" (16), while in "Signorina Sozo in Dresdina" (115) the ambition and the limitations of the school are patent. This is a picture painted from the stage-box of a theatre; over the hats and backs of two spectators we see up the stage, and witness the backward retirement of a ballet-girl, whose shadow is thrown towards us by the electric light. It is like some page out of a realistic novel of the latest French type; it contains a certain amount of prosaic observation, but makes at least as many mistakes in tone and illumination as it scores points in correctness. Mr. Greiffenhagen's "Miss Lily Hanbury" (34) is a graceful full-length portrait. Mr. Sidney Starr's "Mrs. Brandon Thomas" (25), playing the piano, is hard and dry, but well designed. An artist with a certain individuality is Mr. Millie Dow, whose "Summer Night at Tangier" (37), in its extreme simplicity, has a considerable charm. Not a bad seascape is "A Northern Shore" (2), by the same Mr. Dow. Mr. Refitt-Oldfield sends some pale and almost phantasmal, but very delicate, studies of the Norfolk Broads (75, 77). Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, has been to Switzerland, and returns with "The Amethyst Cloud, Jungfrau" (76). Among these odd productions a word of honour should be spared for the worst picture of the year. From among a cloud of ardent competitors Mr. James Guthrie emerges with his "Lily" (148), a full-length of a little girl. Mr. Guthrie may claim, with a modest confidence, the palm as being the most incoherent of the incoherents. Among well-known artists who have supported the New English Art Club with sketchy or eccentric contributions this year are Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. J. Buxton Knight, Mr. Roche (whose "Hill-Top" (169) is a very interesting study in landscape), Mr. Alfred Parsons, Miss Bertha Newcombe, and Mr. John R. Reid. The general aspect of the show is undoubtedly depressing.

A good deal of public amusement was caused a year ago by the first "House of Commons Point-to-Point Steeplechase." Those who desire to be reminded of it, and to see portraits of the principal actors, may visit Mr. Mendoza's gallery in King Street, St. James's, and see an oil-painting of the scene by Mr. G. D. Giles. They will, especially if they were fortunate enough to be at Rugby last Saturday, be able to recognize at sight the gallant and ever-victorious Mr. Elliott Lees.

Mr. Herbert Marshall has long made the occasional beauty of London his speciality. He has seized those happy moments when the grey atmosphere of the capital is tinged with blue, when its buildings gleam against a softly coloured sky, and its darkness is illuminated with sunset. He has watched for those occasions on which, as Sir Frederick Leighton once put it pictorially, "London discovers a forgotten sun in an incredible azure." He has collected one hundred of his water-colour drawings in one of the galleries of the Fine Art Society, and very interesting and pleasing they are. There is no doubt, save in the mind of cynics, that London only needs sunlight to be as beautiful a city as any north of the Alps; and, if the fact were questioned, the work of an eminent foreign master who loved his London—we mean the late Signor de Nittis—would be enough to prove its truth. Mr. Herbert Marshall very properly makes much of certain recurring types—the river, the Abbey, the palaces, the dome of St. Paul's. One of the most exquisite of this series of his paintings is his "Dean's Yard" (58), with the Abbey phantom-white against a serene blue sky, with red roofs clustered below, and the inevitable football-players. Very charming is "Summer Evening" (84), the lilac Tower through the mist, above the lustrous river, and seen against a broken sky of gold and blue. "The Temple, from the South" (14) is equally quaint and interesting; seen in clear morning light, the clustered towers and spires, hedged about with greenery, seem to resemble a mystical city of Sarraz, snow-white and dove-grey against the sky. "St. James's Park" (72), with its distant advancing file of scarlet cavalry, is good. Among the best of these interesting drawings are "Little Britain" (75), with the pale dome of St. Paul's; "St. Martin's" (41), with a pavement artist, who displays his works to an admiring public; "Millbank" (93); and, last but not least, the picturesque "Vauxhall Bridge and Church" (99).

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IX.

THE THEATRES.

ONE of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of the French Revolution is that, notwithstanding the horrors which were taking place in all directions, the volatile Parisians continued to amuse themselves much as usual, and the theatres remained open throughout the whole Reign of Terror. At the same time, it should be observed that there were weeks, and even months, during this terrible epoch wherein nothing important happened, and the city almost resumed its pre-Revolution gaiety, diminished, of course, in a degree by the disappearance of the entire aristocracy, the impoverishment of so many thousands of families, and the naturally depressed condition of trade.

On the 5th of May, 1789, there were in Paris four large theatres—the Opéra, where now stands the Porte St.-Martin,

which had been built by Alexandre Lenoir after the fire of 1781, in less than sixty-five days; the Théâtre-Français, in the Faubourg St.-Germain, near the Luxembourg, and on the site of the actual Odéon; the Théâtre-Italien, in the Rue Favart, but where, notwithstanding its name, the actors and the plays they represented were invariably French. This theatre, by the way, subsequently known as Théâtre Favart, or Théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique, was burnt down in May, 1887. The fourth large theatre was located in the Tuileries in the Salle des Machines, and was known as L'Opéra Buffa. It was opened on the 26th of January, 1789, with an Italian company, including Raffanelli, Rovedino, Mandini, Viganoni, Mmes. Baletti, Mandini, and Morichelli. There were also six small theatres:—Les Variétés Amusantes; Les Petits Comédiens du Comte Beaujolais, which had been built in 1783 by the Duc d'Orléans, in the gardens of the Palais-Royal; L'Ambigu-Comique, on the Boulevard du Temple, where children and youths and marionettes acted, mostly attended by young people; Théâtre des Associés, or Spectacle Comique du Sieur Sallé, near the celebrated wax-work show of Curtius, the uncle of Mme. Tussaud. Here was seen a troupe of well-disciplined marionettes, who performed the works of Molière, Corneille, Voltaire, and Racine. (It is related that Voltaire was exceedingly indignant that his *Zaire* should be performed at this theatre, whereupon Sallé sent to Lekain, Préville, and his comrades to come and witness a representation of the philosopher's tragedy as performed by his puppets. The actors laughed so immensely that their annoyance was quite dissipated.) There were also Les Grands Danseurs du Roi, or Théâtre du Sieur Nicolet, where parodies, farces, and harlequinades were given; and the Théâtre du Délassement Comique, which was situated at the entrance to the Boulevard du Temple, quite close to the hotel of M. Foulon, who was massacred early in the Revolution. Owing to the arrival of the Royal Family at the Tuileries from Versailles, the Opéra Buffa was closed, and on the 6th of January, 1791, the comedians attached to it took possession of a new house built expressly for them in the Rue Feydeau, and called the Théâtre de Monsieur. The troupe of the Variétés Amusantes likewise changed their house, and installed themselves in a beautiful building erected for them by Louis, close to the Palais-Royal and the Rue Richelieu, at the corner of Rue St.-Honoré. Considerably enlarged and embellished in our days, it is known all over the world as the Théâtre-Français. The Théâtre du Palais-Royal was originally occupied by Mlle. Montansier, who, before the Revolution, was the manageress of the Royal performances given at Versailles. After the deposition of the Royal Family she purchased a little theatre popularly known as the Beaujolais, considerably enlarged it, and it became under the Restoration the Opéra, and the scene of the assassination of the Duc de Berry. A small theatre was built about this time at the corner of the Rue de Bondy—the Théâtre-Français, Comique et Lyrique—which was opened on Easter Monday, 1790. In November 1790 a piece called *Nicodème dans la Lune, ou la Révolution pacifique*, was produced here, and had a run of 191 performances.

In 1790 a number of cafés-chantants were opened, of which the most remarkable was the Café Goddet, Boulevard du Temple, which was frequented by the best society in Paris. The Café Yon, hard by the one just mentioned, was also a most popular place of amusement during the Revolution, and its manager, M. Yon, gave over one hundred performances of a parody entitled *Nicodème dans la Lune, Nicodème dans le Soleil*. Before the Revolution there also existed in Paris something like twenty amateur theatres, but these were almost all closed, or transformed into public places of amusement during the Reign of Terror. We therefore have in 1790 about a dozen theatres, and some score or so of cafés-chantants. On January 13th, 1791, the National Assembly decreed that any citizen had a right to erect a theatre and to perform any kind of piece he chose therein, on the sole condition that he made a declaration of his intention to the municipality. Further, the dramatic works of authors who had been dead five years were declared public property. This decree was scarcely made known ere an incredible number of new theatres were projected, and almost every month two or three were added to the number of those already existing in various parts of Paris—in fact, far too many for the diminished population. Among these the principal were the Théâtre de la Concorde, the Théâtre de la Rue St.-Antoine, where little parodies were given; the Théâtre de la Liberté, and the Variétés Lyriques et Comiques. In April 1791, in consequence of a quarrel between the actors of the Comédie Française, in the Rue St.-Germain, a good half of them severed their connexion with this historical house and went over to the new theatre in the Rue de Richelieu. Among the actors who remained faithful to the elder Comédie Française were Molé, Desessarts, Fleury, Vanhove, Florence, Saint-Phal, Naudet, La Rochelle, Saint-Prix, Dupont, Larive, Dazincourt, Champville, and Mmes. Contat, Raucourt, Devienne, Mézgray, Joly, and Théard; whilst Dugazon, Grandmènil, Talma, Mmes. Vestris, Desgarcins, Simon, and Dubois migrated to the Palais-Royal, which now assumed the title of Théâtre-Français de la Rue Richelieu. On the 27th April the new régime was opened by the performance of a remarkable play by Marie-Joseph Chénier, called *Henri VIII.*, in which Talma played the King, and Mme. Vestris and Mlle. Desgarcins Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour. The new Théâtre-Français proclaimed itself democratic, and ladies were permitted in the stalls and pit with or without bonnets. In April 1791 a new theatre was opened on the Boulevard du Temple, the

Lycée Dramatique, where *Mahomet* was given with considerable splendour; and in the same month Franconi, the father of the Franconi who subsequently became celebrated in London, opened a circus in Astley's Théâtre, Rue du Temple. Small theatres, such as the Théâtre d'Emulation and the Théâtre Mont-Parnasse, which originally belonged to troupes of amateurs, now gave public representations at very low prices. In the same year we find the Théâtre Lyrique du Faubourg St.-Germain occupied by an Italian troupe, and the Théâtre Molière, Rue St.-Martin, devoted to ultra-Revolutionary plays, such as *La Ligue des Fanatiques et des Tyrans*, by Ronsin. The Théâtre du Marais was opened on the 31st of August, 1791, with *Le Mariage de Figaro* and the *Barbier de Séville*. In October we have the Théâtre du Cirque-National opened in the Palais-Royal, and about twenty other very small theatres, which, being unable to continue their performances beyond a few nights for lack of audiences, were soon afterwards closed. On the site of the ex-church of St. Bartholomew, desecrated in 1791, the Théâtre Henri IV. was erected; but no performances were given in it until the Revolution had made such strides that its name had to be changed to Palais-Variétés.

After the flight to Varennes the word "Royal" was effaced from every playbill in Paris, and "National" became the word of the day. Thus the Académie Royale de Musique became Opéra National, and the Théâtre-Français the Théâtre de la Nation. The Théâtre-Italien was known as L'Opéra Comique National, and the Théâtre des Grands Danseurs du Roi as Théâtre de la Gaité, ci-devant des Grands Danseurs. A surprising fact connected with the French theatres of this period was the extraordinary number of them that were devoted to music. In 1792 there were no less than thirteen open at one time where musical entertainments were given. The Italian singers, however, fled from the city in 1791; and from 1793 to 1794, out of about twenty-five theatres in Paris, not more than three or four gave performances on any given night, and occasionally they were all closed. The most popular pieces produced in Paris at this epoch were naturally of a revolutionary character, although the majority of the players were unfriendly to the popular movement. The new Théâtre-Français, as already said, was formally inaugurated by a performance of Marie-Joseph Chénier's tragedy of *Henri VIII.*, a heavy blank-verse travesty of the story of that uxorious monarch and his queens, Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour. This play furnished in after years the outline of the scenario of the beautiful opera of *Anna Bolena*. It contains a few good "situations" and some well-contrived speeches of a claptrap order, appealing directly to the evil passions of the mob. Talma, made up to look more or less like the Tudor monarch, only with dark hair, played Henry VIII. Monvel was Cranmer; Mme. Vestris, the mother of the first husband of the beautiful Mlle. Bartolozzi, Anne "de Boulen," and Mlle. Desgarcins, Jane Seymour. Infinitely more remarkable, both as play and success, was *Charles IX.*, by the same dramatist, produced a little earlier—November 4, 1789—at the old Théâtre-Français, in the Boulevard St.-Germain. Of this we propose to write in a future article.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

AFTER many vicissitudes, Suffolk Street has settled down into its old condition of calm and respectability. No trace is left in 1890 of the wild doings of its late President and his throng of disciples:—

Stotts out of Oldham,
Sickerts in shoals,
Painters like Whistler,
Beautiful souls!

It is all over now; those Bacchanalia are a thing of the past, and as Suffolk Street sinks back on its pillow, it murmurs "Heavenly the silence is! so is the hush!" But the critic cannot be expected to take the same view. For him, those dear little nocturnes in lilac and saffron, those lyrics in mists, and sonatas in curry-powder, were a real treasure. They cheered him along his melancholy path; they gave him something to write about; they may or may not have been crazy, they were undoubtedly entertaining. But the present exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is not even exhilarating. One little symphony in pink, the least tiny suggestion of a harmony in gold and buff, would be such an immense relief in the wilderness of 588 commonplace pictures. We do not wish to stamp upon the feelings of all these British Artists. But we have our feelings too, and they are simply smothered by these acres of organized mediocrity.

The best exhibitors at Suffolk Street this year seem to be members of the Newlyn School. The most distinguished masters of that school are not represented, but some of the rank and file have sent good things. On the whole, the best works of the year in this gallery are signed by two names which are new, or almost new, to us—those of Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. Nelson Dawson. Mr. Brangwyn's "Conjecture" (294) is a very fine piece of out-door painting; some old salts hanging about on a misty quay, and curiously inspecting a strange vessel which looms upon them through the sea-fog. These nine or ten figures are excellently drawn, and firmly planted on their feet. The same painter's "January" (352) also deserves atten-

tion. Mr. Nelson Dawson is not, at present, a very strong artist, but he is a remarkably delicate and true one. In wandering round the walls we have found ourselves again and again arrested by pleasant work, which on reference to the catalogue proved to bear his signature. His "Bristol Harbour" (222), with its fine pale tones of red and verdigris and grey, is really beautiful. The bright lights of his "North Cornish Harbour" (158) are very true. "A Summer's Day" (400) was scarcely worth painting on so huge a scale, but it is well done. These Newlyn painters, whose work is becoming a prominent feature at almost every exhibition, deserve great praise for that quality to which Mr. Christian Symonds gives the name of "justness," a sense of the due proportions to be maintained in the treatment of tones and values. We are easily pleased by the freshness of their out-of-door work, unspoiled by a conventional "studio-light." At the same time, there is a real danger of their fatiguing us by their uniformity; there is little evidence of intellectual power among them, and when we have mentioned Mr. Tuke, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and Mr. Walter Langley, we have named all the Newlynites from whom we have much hope of receiving positively novel impressions. The rest see nature as these men see it, and repeat their effects agreeably and modestly, but without individuality.

The new President of the Society of British Artists, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, has the speciality of ecclesiastical interiors, seen in a mixture of gloom and splendour, with sparkling lights in the intricate parts of the traceries. We acknowledge the nobility of his ambition, but lament that in his execution there is so little skill of touch and so little of the spirit of the artist. "Monza Cathedral" (264) is large and ambitious, with its blaze of architectural detail, but unnaturally lighted, ineffectual as a whole, and painfully deficient in tone. The same faults prevent our enjoyment of the equally elaborate "Afterglow in the Abbey of St. Wulfram, Abbeville" (46), which is messy in touch and fragmentary in illumination. Mr. Wyke Bayliss should study the noble simplicity in treatment of church interiors which distinguishes some of the later Dutch masters, Emmanuel de Witte, for instance, and Hendrick van Vliet; or, not to go so far afield, he might emulate the art of his own colleague, Mr. Ernest George, whose exquisite study of the peaked roofs and half-timbered fronts of houses in "Hamburg" (48) is one of the most pleasing specimens now at Suffolk Street.

We must hurriedly enumerate a few more paintings which in a careful review of this large exhibition have stood out from the rest as worthy of special notice. Mr. Morgan calls his excellent pastel of an old man, with ale and a pipe, "A Dry Old Stick" (20). Mr. C. J. Lauder's "Town and Temple" (218), a study of St. Paul's down Ludgate Hill, is somewhat troubled with detail, but brilliant and interesting. Mr. Archibald Webb's "Enkhuizen" (255) is good in its kind. Mr. J. R. Reid, always vigorous, is less exasperating than usual in his "When the Boats come in" (314), a blaze of blues tempered by a red cluster of jewelled gurnards in a creel in the foreground. "A Garden of Memories" (333) is a cleverly painted female figure by Mr. Davidson Knowles. Mr. Yeend King, who is always interesting, sends a good landscape, "Changing Pasture." The contributions of Mr. Val Davis, Mr. G. Sherwood Hunter, Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, and of Mr. H. C. Fox, demand an amount of attention which our space denies. We must only add that Mr. Tinworth, always a stimulating artist, is represented by a very naive terracotta panel, called "Confidence in Friendship" (176), in which Alexander the Great, sitting up in bed, is seen drinking the medicine which Philip, who stands by in full armour, has prepared for him. If the figure of Philip were not so dreadfully stiff, and so prominent in its stiffness, this would decidedly rank with Mr. Tinworth's happiest efforts.

THE REVENUE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer is to be congratulated on the results of the year ended last Monday night. The revenue has very largely exceeded his estimates. The expenditure has been kept well within those estimates, and the result is that his surplus exceeds even that of last year, which until now was the largest since 1873-4. The total receipts amounted to 94,489,836*l.*; but of this amount the local authorities took 5,185,520*l.*, so that the Imperial revenue is 89,304,316*l.* This shows an increase upon the Budget estimates of 3,154,316*l.* The revenue from taxation amounted altogether to 73,414,000*l.*, being an increase of 2,404,000*l.* on the Budget estimates. The non-tax revenue amounted to 15,890,316*l.*, being an increase of just three-quarters of a million upon the Budget estimate. In any single item the largest increase shown is in Excise. There the augmentation is as much as 1,290,000*l.* It is to be recollected that the new duty imposed last April upon estates of over 10,000*l.* was expected to yield 300,000*l.* Assuming that it did so, there is still an increase in the Excise of very nearly a million over the Budget estimate. And Excise and Customs together show an increase of 1,364,000*l.* over the Budget estimates. Compared with the year before, and allowing 300,000*l.* for the new Death-duty, Excise shows an increased yield of as much as 1,230,000*l.* But as licence-duties amounting to 2,970,000*l.* were transferred to the local authorities, there appears in the returns to have been a decrease of 1,440,000*l.*, instead of the real increase of 1,230,000*l.*

Customs show an increase of 363,000*l.* over the year before. The two items, which ought, of course, to be taken together, show an increase of 1,593,000*l.*—most satisfactory evidence, indeed, of the augmented consuming power of the working classes. Apparently, when Mr. Goschen comes to make his Budget statement, he will have to say that the consumption of spirits and beer, which has been falling off so markedly for so many years, has during the past year as remarkably increased. Stamps yielded 1,605,000*l.* more than in the year before; but, as the new Death-duty produced a little over 800,000*l.*, the real increase is 790,000*l.* Income-tax was more productive to the extent of 90,000*l.*, although in the year before last the arrears were at 7*d.* in the pound. And there was a very satisfactory growth also in Post Office and Telegraphic services, in Land-tax and House-duty, and in miscellaneous revenue. Whether we look, therefore, to Mr. Goschen's estimates or to the actual receipts of 1888-9, the results of last year are highly satisfactory. Turning now to the expenditure, as nearly as it can be ascertained from the returns, it amounted to 86,043,702*l.*, being a decrease, compared with the estimates, of 139,337*l.* The surplus, therefore, somewhat exceeds 3½ millions, being about half a million more than the surplus of 1888-9, and fully a million more than that of 1887-8. The expenditure on the Supply services amounted to 57,751,238*l.*, being a decrease, compared with the estimates, of nearly 158,000*l.* On the other hand, there was a slight increase in the Consolidated Fund Charges.

What view will Mr. Goschen take of the prospects of the year upon which we have entered? Hitherto he has been exceedingly cautious in his estimates. Will he think himself bound to be so now, or will he feel that the trade improvement has become an accomplished fact, and justifies him, therefore, in looking forward more hopefully? On the one hand, it may be argued that trade is not now improving as rapidly as during the past year. The long-continued stringency in the money market undoubtedly did check the improvement. The reckless speculation in the iron market had a further effect in the same direction. The overbuilding of ships had also become pronounced, and, lastly, the great rise in wages has compelled prices to advance considerably in many industries. Therefore, the iron and steel trades are certainly not as prosperous as they were, while there is actual depression in the cotton industry. Further, the state of the Berlin Bourse, the Brazilian revolution, and the crisis in Buenos Ayres, together with the long-continued stringency in the money market, have checked speculation upon the Stock Exchange, and have made the public generally more cautious in subscribing to new Companies. It may be argued, therefore, that the future is not quite so assured as it looked a little while ago, that Stamps will probably not be as productive, and it may not be found possible to keep up wages, while profits also may decline. Against this, however, it may be urged, we venture to think with more force, that the check experienced by trade is only temporary. It is quite true that there is a falling off of activity in the iron industry in the United States and Germany as well as at home, and that would point to more far-reaching and wider causes for the check in the improvement than those referred to already. But the belief in the trade is that buyers are holding off for the moment in the hope that the prices of manufactured iron and steel must come down just as the price of pig-iron came down, and that by-and-by orders will be placed much more freely, and there will be a renewal of last year's activity. At all events, outside of shipbuilding and of the cotton industry there is little evidence of any real falling off in trade activity, and, therefore, there is not likely to be any decline in the consumptive capacity of the working classes within the new financial year. It is a matter of common experience that wages do not fall even when trade begins to become less prosperous. The effect of improved trade upon the revenue is not felt immediately, and neither is the consequence of a check to improvement. Wages are higher now than they were last year, and they will continue to be higher for a considerable time to come. There is no reason to expect any serious falling off in the demand for labour, and, therefore, it is reasonable to expect that, with the increase in wealth and population, good wages and ample employment, the consumption of consumable and excisable articles will increase. The Income-tax, too, will be more productive, since the three years' average on which profits are assessed will be higher than for a long time past. Stamps will probably continue to yield more largely, and as, in the expectation that the Tea-duty will be reduced, tea has not been taken out of bond as freely of late as it usually is, more tea will have to be taken out of bond this year than would ordinarily be within the twelve months. Lastly, the new Death-duty, which was estimated to yield 800,000*l.* in the past year, is estimated to yield a million in a full year. Taking all these various considerations into account, it would seem that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be fully warranted in assuming a growth of revenue in the new year of from a million to 1½ million. We have seen that in the past year his estimates were exceeded by more than 3 millions. If he were now to estimate for a growth of 1½ million, there is reasonable ground to expect that at the end of the year there will be a handsome excess even upon that estimate. But if Mr. Goschen feels justified in anticipating such a growth of revenue, his total income for the new year would be in round figures 90½ millions. As we have seen, the total Imperial revenue in the past year was 89,304,000*l.* A growth of 1,200,000*l.* would bring this up to 90½ millions. From the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates

already issued, we know that the charge for the Supply services in the new year will amount to 58,308,568*l*. The permanent charge of the Debt will be 25 millions, the naval defence will presumably be the same as in the past year, and so, we may assume, will the other Consolidated Fund Charges. If so, the three items together will amount to 28,274,000*l*., and consequently the total expenditure will be 86,582,368*l*. To this there may have to be added something on account of the vote of 4 millions for building new barracks, and improving the old. Let us say, therefore, that the total expenditure will be 86½ millions, which would show an estimated surplus of 3½ millions.

This is on the assumption that the existing basis of taxation is maintained, and that Mr. Goschen does not propose in any way to remodel our fiscal system. On that assumption, and supposing that he takes the view we have been putting forward, he would be able to give away from 3½ to 3½ millions. But, of course, Mr. Goschen may take advantage of the opportunity to deal more radically with the Death-duties; or he may undertake some other reform of our fiscal system. In that case, it is quite possible that he may have a surplus of 4 millions, or even more, to deal with. It is generally expected that he will repeal the Silver-plate-duty. It has frequently been condemned by Chancellors of the Exchequer of both parties, and has not been got rid of simply because the drawback that would have to be allowed on plate already in stock would amount to a larger sum than could be afforded. It is also expected that he will continue the calling in and re-coining of light gold pieces. If these expectations are fulfilled, a considerable part of his surplus will be thereby disposed of. Another measure anticipated is the granting of assistance to education; and, of course, there are demands made for remitting one penny of the Income-tax, and reducing the duty on tea. For ourselves, we confess, we do not see the force of the argument in favour of the reduction of the Tea-duty. The remission of the indirect taxes has, in our opinion, already been carried too far, and we are inclined to agree with Mr. Goschen that it would be a wiser policy to increase the number of taxes than to diminish them. Granted that the Tea-duty might be reduced without being entirely remitted, yet a reduction now would inevitably lead to its abolition eventually, just as the gradual reduction of the Sugar-duty led to its entire repeal. But we fully agree that the Income-tax ought to be reduced. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer while reducing the rate would also remove the practical objections that are felt to the tax in its present shape, he would confer a great benefit, not merely upon Income-tax payers, but upon the country generally. The Income-tax is the impost upon which we have mainly to rely in any great emergency, and it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that anomalies which now render it hateful in the eyes of the community should be removed. We do not so much speak of its inquisitorial character, though that is bad enough, as of the fact that it presses with very uneven weight upon different classes. Every one is agreed upon this, that the professional man, for instance, is taxed more heavily than the man whose income is derived from real property, or from investments in the Funds, or from Stock Exchange securities of any kind. And the professional classes surely are as well deserving of consideration at the hands of the Government as any other in the community.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts at the end of the season which came to a close this week were rendered interesting by the appearance of a new pianist of more than average merit. M. de Greef, who first appeared on Saturday, the 22nd ult., is a Belgian by birth, and a pupil of Louis Brassin. His powers, as displayed in Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," which he chose for his début, are remarkable both as an executant and an interpreter of music requiring brilliancy and fire. The individuality which he infused into each variation was really extraordinary, and the result would have been still more satisfactory if he had not been playing on a singularly harsh and disagreeable instrument. On the following Monday M. de Greef played a clever Capriccio by Saint-Saëns, on airs from Gluck's *Alceste* and *Paride ed Elena*. In this piece he was more successful than in Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31, which followed it. Though there was nothing to find fault with in the technique of the performance, it was deficient in that romantic spirit which is an essential quality in any pianist who would be successful as an interpreter of the Polish composer's music. At both concerts M. de Greef also took part in concerted music, on Saturday playing Beethoven's Trio in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, with Dr. Joachim and Signor Piatti, and on Monday being associated with Dr. Joachim in the same composer's Sonata in G major, Op. 30, No. 3. The remainder of the programmes of both concerts consisted for the most part of familiar works. On the 22nd Mme. Bertha Moore was the vocalist, singing Mr. A. G. Thomas's "One morning, oh, so early," Raff's "Serenade," and a vocal arrangement of one of Chopin's Mazurkas, in none of which was she at all satisfactory. On the 24th Mr. Thorndike sang songs by Alfred Cellier, Arthur Somervell, and Maddison. On both occasions Miss Carmichael proved herself an able accompanist.

The programme of the Second Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Thursday, the 27th, was almost entirely devoted to

performances of Belgian music by Belgian artists. No doubt the Philharmonic Society does right in pursuing a policy of performing the most recent compositions of all countries; but such a policy may be carried to excess, and it is certain that much of the music performed at the Society's last concert might have been advantageously replaced by works of English composers. The most important of the new compositions presented was a selection of four movements from the elaborate Incidental Music written by M. Benoit, the composer of *Lucifer*, for a performance of a tragedy on the subject of Charlotte Corday which was brought out at the Antwerp Theatre on the 18th March, 1876. *Lucifer*, which was first performed in 1866, contains so much that is striking and effective that some curiosity was aroused by the *Charlotte Corday* music as to whether it would show that the composer had conquered his early defects and made the progress of which the former work gave promise. Unfortunately, any hopes on this score were doomed to be disappointed. The four numbers played at the Philharmonic Concert consist of the Overture and three Entr'actes. They are undoubtedly instrumented in a brilliant and effective manner, but here commendation must end, for their value in any other respect is of the smallest. Alternately bombastic and trivial, M. Benoit's music leaves absolutely no impression behind it but that of an immense fuss about nothing at all. Although intended to illustrate a tragic drama, and consequently duly provided with a programme, the characterization of the music is of the poorest, consisting chiefly of a string of Republican tunes, presented over and over again without the slightest attempt at working out, and joined together by mere sound and fury. Poor though it is, M. Benoit's work has, at least, the merit of being audacious in its pretentiousness; but even this is wanting in the three long and dull songs by M. Huberti, which formed the other novelty in the programme. While giving the composer every credit for earnestness and thoughtfulness, it must be said that his music is absolutely uninspired and uninteresting, and wanting alike in form and ideas. It is a pleasanter task to turn from these depressing performances to the playing of M. Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, who was so successful at these concerts last season. On the 27th he played Viextemps's Fourth Concerto in a manner which won for him a triple recall. For command over the resources of his instrument and purity of intonation M. Ysaye must rank very high, as a *virtuoso* it would be hard to find his superior. The rest of the concert consisted of Bennett's Overture "The Naiads," Haydn's Symphony "La Reine de France," a Prelude and Gavotte by Bach for Violin Solo, and Wagner's overture to *Die Meistersinger*. It is a pity that the policy of giving such inordinately long concerts is persisted in by the Philharmonic Society. A concert which begins at eight and is not over till past eleven is too long for both audience and performers, and it would be far better to have shorter programmes and to devote more time at rehearsals to attaining effects of light and shade, in which the Philharmonic performances are now too often deficient.

A large gathering of musicians and amateurs assembled at the Royal Academy of Music on the 21st ult., at the fifth social meeting of the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society. The programme included two novelties of great interest. Beethoven's 3 *Eguals* for four trombones, which have only recently been published, were written in 1812 for the service on All Souls' Day at the Cathedral of Linz, and are, therefore, of a particularly solemn character. For this reason they were adapted to the words of the "Miserere," and sung at Beethoven's funeral on the 29th March, 1827. They consist of three short movements—Andante, Poco Adagio, and Poco Sostenuto—each of which is full of beauty and profoundly impressive. The other novelty was a setting of the "Lamentation of David for Absalom," for bass solo, four trombones and organ, by Heinrich Schütz, the great precursor of Handel and Bach, the historical and artistic importance of whose works is only now becoming recognized. The *Lamentatio Davidi* is an extremely interesting example of the composer's later work, written after his second visit to Italy, and when his ideas as to the combination of the new dramatic school with the polyphonic music of an earlier date were fully matured. The intensely devotional character of Schütz's compositions makes them unfitted for performance in a concert-room, but every opportunity of hearing his music is very welcome. It was interesting to note the resemblance in style between the "Lamentation" and some of Orlando Gibbons's Anthems with instrumental accompaniments. Both composers were working in the same direction; but England was so unfortunate as to lose Gibbons at an early age, while Schütz lived on to influence his great successors. The same concert also included a MS. Trio for Pianoforte, Clarinet, and Bassoon, by Mr. C. H. Lloyd—a very charming and graceful work, admirably written and full of fresh and spontaneous melody. A MS. Quintet for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon, the composition of Mr. Dolmetsch, which opened the concert, was not so satisfactory. It is ambitious and laboured, and was hardly worth performance. The second concert of the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society, which took place on the 28th of March, was not so interesting as the social meeting of the previous week. The programme consisted of a Quintet by H. von Herzogenberg for piano and wind instruments, Beethoven's Sereuade Trio, Spohr's Octet for Strings and Wind, and songs by Meyerbeer, Lassen, and Kjerulf. The latter were extremely well sung by Mr. Braxton Smith, a tenor with a voice of much beauty.

The last Crystal Palace Saturday Concert was devoted mainly to the performance of Dr. Bridge's fine hymn, "Rock of Ages," for baritone, chorus, and orchestra, and of Beethoven's Oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*. In both works the recent improvement of the Crystal Palace Choir was very marked, the performance of Dr. Bridge's work in particular being admirable throughout. Beethoven's Oratorio suffered from the inefficiency of the principal soloists; the music lies much too high for Miss Annie Marriott's voice, while Mr. Henry Piercy, though his singing was correct, did not enter into the genial Haydnian spirit of the work. The programme, which included a fine performance of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, began with Macfarren's dull Overture to *St. John the Baptist*.

Miss Holland's Choir, a body of amateurs which has for some years done good work for various charities by giving concerts in London, last week essayed a performance of *Franciscus*, an Oratorio by M. Tinel, of Malines, which first saw the light two years ago, when it created some stir in Belgium. It would be unfair to judge of the merits of the work from a performance in which the important orchestral accompaniments are played on a grand piano, with occasional assistance from an amateur harp, a half-hearted tambourine, and a timid triangle. The choral singing, too, left much to be desired, but, in spite of these serious drawbacks, enough could be gathered to show that M. Tinel's work possesses a considerable amount of beauty, and would probably be worth performing by a Choral Society of larger dimensions, and with an adequate orchestra, especially as the demands it makes on soloists are not very arduous. A definitive judgment of M. Tinel's music must, therefore, be reserved until an opportunity occurs of hearing it performed according to the composer's intentions.

Among the minor concerts of the week mention may be made of that given on the 26th by Mr. Stephen Kemp, assisted by Mlle. Vaillant, Miss Annie Marriott, and Mr. Whitehouse, at which a remarkably good performance of Dvořák's Trio in B flat, Op. 21, was the most interesting feature given in the programme. The concert-giver was heard in solos by Chopin, Liszt, Bennett, Grieg, and Henselt, and Mlle. Vaillant played in excellent style an uninteresting MS. Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin by the late Sir George Macfarren. On Friday evening, the 28th ult., Miss J. A. Hill and Miss Zoe Pyne gave a concert at Queen's Gate Hall, at which the excellent violin-playing of the latter artist divided the honours of the evening with Mr. Thorndike's artistic singing of Schubert's "Waldesnacht" and "Wehmuth," two of the composer's many fine and little-known songs which are too seldom heard in concert-rooms.

MONEY MATTERS.

DURING the first two or three days of this week short loans were in very active demand. On the 1st of April large interest payments always have to be made, and consequently the India Council, bankers, and financial houses have to call in a considerable part of the funds which they usually lend to the bill-brokers and discount-houses. The money soon, of course, comes back into the market; but in the meantime its withdrawal this week caused a temporary artificial scarcity, and, as a result, bill-brokers and discount-houses had to borrow on a considerable scale from the Bank of England. But on Wednesday afternoon the supply was largely increased, repayments in considerable amounts were made to the Bank, and in the outside market the rate of interest fell to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The rate of discount continued to decline throughout the week. On Monday, Treasury bills amounting to $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions were offered for tender, and were allotted at the following average rates—a little over $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for three months bills, a little under $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for six months bills, and a little over $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for twelve months bills. These allotments weakened the market, and on Wednesday the rate for three months bills in the open market was little better than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The expectation in the market is that money will be abundant and cheap after Easter. The danger of gold exports to New York appears to have come to an end, and gold is coming from Buenos Ayres instead of going thither. The Argentine Finance Minister, alarmed by the height to which the premium on the metal rose lately, sold a considerable amount of it, in the hope of stopping the advance. The instant the gold was paid out it was exported to Europe. It is to be recollected that the Argentine Republic is heavily indebted to Europe, that its exports of merchandise do not enable it to pay the debt, and that, consequently, all the gold that is available is immediately shipped off the instant it comes out of the treasury. The market here concludes from this that the fear so generally entertained lately that gold will be sent to Buenos Ayres was unfounded; but that really is not true. Gold will not remain in circulation, because nobody will pay it away at home when paper can be used, and because, as just said, the country is so deeply indebted to Europe. But the Argentine Government refuses to see this, and is always eager to hoard the metal in its vaults. If, therefore, it can borrow in Europe, or sell State railways or any other property, it will undoubtedly take gold, as it has so often done before, though, equally undoubtedly, the metal will come back again as soon as it leaves the Treasury vaults. Meantime the arrival of the gold from South America has prevented withdrawals from the Bank of England for Berlin, a very considerable sum having in the course of the week been bought in the open market for German account.

Assuming that no accident happens, it is very likely, indeed, that money will be both plentiful and cheap for some weeks to come; but it is not probable that it will continue so as long as the market generally expects.

During the financial year ended on Monday night the India Council realized by the sale of its bills and telegraphic transfers 15,474,496*l*. This is 784,000*l*. more than was estimated in the Budget twelve months ago to be required. The average price per rupee obtained was not quite a farthing higher than the Budget estimate. For the new year on which we have now entered it is estimated that just a trifle under 15 millions sterling will have to be realized, and the price expected to be obtained is that got during the past year. Whether the Budget estimate will be exceeded will probably depend very largely upon whether the price of silver is maintained or not. If it is, and still more if the price rises, the probability is that the India Council will take advantage of the opportunity to sell a considerably larger amount of bills and transfers than at present is intended. On the other hand, if the price falls it may sell less, and it will be able to reduce its sales because the amount realized in the year just ended, as already stated, exceeds the amount estimated to be required by over three-quarters of a million sterling. In its turn the price of silver will largely depend upon the action of the United States Congress. If Mr. Windom's Bill is passed, it is reasonably certain that there will be a rise. If the Bill does not pass, it is extremely probable that there will be a fall. Meantime the price remains firm at about 43*d*. per ounce. In China the demand for Mexican dollars appears to be very active just now. There has been a rise in the price of about $\frac{1}{2}$ within a very short time. They are now 43*d*.

On the Stock Exchange business has continued as inactive as ever, but there has been undoubtedly a more hopeful feeling. As the *Liquidation* in Berlin at the end of March has passed over without serious difficulties, notwithstanding Prince Bismarck's resignation, it is confidently expected now that a crisis will be indefinitely postponed. And it is known that everything possible will be done to prevent a collapse in Buenos Ayres. In Paris preparations have to be made for funding the floating debt, and it is believed, also, for attempting a voluntary conversion of the Four and a half per Cents. It is announced, too, that the negotiations between the Egyptian and French Governments for the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt are going on favourably, and it is understood that negotiations have been begun for converting the Egyptian Tribute Loans, and also for converting the Turkish Priority Bonds. Members of the Stock Exchange and the large operators, therefore, argue that as soon as Easter is over there will be greater activity in business, and a general advance in prices, and they contend that this will be possible because money is sure to be plentiful and cheap for a considerable time to come. Although the Stock Exchange Committee has decided to close the Exchange to-day, and, therefore, no business can be done from Thursday evening till Tuesday morning, prices were decidedly better than last week or the week before. The most marked recovery was in international securities, Egyptian Unified bonds having been higher this week than ever before. There has been some recovery, too, in American railroad securities, as well as in home railway stocks, the prospect of a fine Easter encouraging speculation, especially in the Southern stocks. Even South African gold, diamond, and land shares have somewhat improved. They have been, undoubtedly, depressed greatly by heavy selling from Berlin. And, as that has now ceased, a reaction was inevitable. But, at the same time, the public will do well to bear in mind that prices are still very high, that the difficulties in Buenos Ayres, Rio, and Berlin are as great as ever, though a breakdown has not yet come, and that the retirement of Prince Bismarck has revived political uneasiness.

The iron and steel industries which lately were so highly prosperous are just now in a less satisfactory condition. Buyers are unwilling to give the prices demanded, and manufacturers insist that they cannot reduce quotations. Consequently, purchases are on a much smaller scale than they recently were. In some cases there is talk of a limitation of production. Indeed, the output has been restricted in some districts. It seems clear now that the reckless speculation just before Christmas in pig-iron inflicted serious injury upon every branch of the iron and steel trade. Prices were run up so unduly that the cost of production was seriously increased, and thus the demand was checked. At the same time the price of fuel has also risen very seriously, and so, of course, have wages. Perhaps, the most serious danger to the prosperity of the industry is the continued inactivity in shipbuilding. March was not quite so bad a month as January and February, but the new orders given out were exceedingly few. Altogether in the first quarter of the present year the new tonnage ordered is scarcely 25 per cent. of that ordered in the corresponding period of last year, and though in some quarters it is expected that orders may soon begin to be placed more freely, the general impression is that the great fall in freights will discourage ship-owners from further increasing their fleets. The falling off in the prosperity of the iron trade is not confined to this country. There is a still more marked decline in Germany, and for a month or two past the iron trade in the United States also has been much less prosperous than it had been previously. With the exception, however, of shipbuilding, iron and steel, and cotton, trade generally continues in a satisfactory state.

THE IRVING A. D. C.—MR. LANG ON THE STAGE.

AT the Lyceum last week the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club played the *First Part of King Henry IV.*, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. It may be said without unkindness that a performance of this kind is neither approached nor witnessed with feelings of unmingled joy; but the event proved that, on this occasion, the temerity of the amateurs was abundantly justified—they produced a Falstaff. This very difficult part was played by Mr. Augustus Littleton, whose acting showed throughout a very remarkable appreciation of the spirit of true comedy. Moreover, he seems to possess in a surprising degree a power of restraint unhappily rare on the English stage. This quality was specially notable in the scene of feigned death on the battlefield in the last act, where, if the actor once trips, the comedy degenerates into the merest burlesque. The humour of this scene suffered a good deal from the defective stage-management of the battle; but Mr. Littleton never became demoralized for a single moment; indeed, the merit of his performance is largely increased by the fact that Poin, Bardolph, and Peto played burlesque—and rather bad burlesque—throughout the piece. For the part of the Prince the services of Mr. Benjamin Webster, from the Avenue Theatre, had been obtained. He looked the part admirably, and his acting did no discredit to the distinguished name he bears. If he were ever to have the good fortune to play the character with adequate support, he might even make it memorable; but, as it was, he at times caught the prevailing trick of alternately chanting and gabbling the blank verse. It would be unfair to consider the rest of the acting seriously. With the exception, however, of the beautiful scene between Hotspur and his wife in Warkworth Castle, it was highly creditable to a company of amateurs. The mounting and dresses were singularly complete for a matinée.

It is not often that we find an occasion for picking a crow with Mr. Andrew Lang; and it is with surprise not untinted with a gentle melancholy that we find him in a recent number of a well-known periodical ranging himself in the ranks of those who, it would seem, are not interested by acting, and therefore think that Shakespeare should not be put on the stage. It is true that Mr. Lang's view is unhappily shared by at least another very distinguished critic. "The poetry of Shakespeare," says Mr. Lang, "seems to me to die in the glare of the footlights, and in the mannerisms of stage pronunciation." (Is there, then, an accepted convention of stage pronunciation?) Mr. Lang's proviso is marry well bethought, and we will follow his example in saying that to true lovers of the theatre the sentiment may possibly appear to be lunatics, look you. Mr. Lang, wisely, does not attempt argument; he confines himself to such statements as that Jessica and Portia "speak to us and greet us with soundless voices" (most delicate monsters they must be), which is perhaps a saying like another. Mr. Lang also asks questions about these two characters which we will make bold to answer. "The witchery of Jessica, the romance and recklessness; the dignity, the sweetness, and in turn the mischief of Portia—what women are to represent them?" As to Portia, Miss Ellen Terry does. Again, "And what man is to make us behold Shylock, his indignation, his ferocity, his comedy, his touch of pathos, his Hebraic gravity, his mercantile greed?" Well, not to speak of our own time, Edmund Kean did. Of other characters, Mr. Lang asks, "Can we ever hope to see them on the stage as we see them in our fancy?" That depends upon the fancy and the actors—the characters might be seen better and they might be seen worse; but, as to the whole gist of Mr. Lang's article, let us ask question for question. "Has Mr. Lang ever watched carefully the subtle by-play of two thoroughly well-graced actors in a Shakspearian scene, and does his fancy illustrate the dramatist's meaning as keenly and fully as does the work of their genius and art?" We trow not.

A POLITICO-METAPHYSICAL PROBLEM.

YES! I have read Professor Stokes on Personal Identity
And individual consciousness of individual identity;
And I rejoice, I own, to find him prove to superfluity
That every phase of life displays essential continuity;
Nay, more, that that phenomenon is perfectly cognoscible
In cases where (my foes declare) the thing is quite impossible.

They say that I'm Another Man; that taunt is often flung at me,
That ancient scoff flies glibly off from every Tory tongue at me;
But to perceive how impotent, how poor and mean their malice is,
You scarcely need do more than read this masterly analysis.
In its clear light, exposed outright, I see detraction dwindle
down,
And from the forge of good Sir George come weapons to knock
T-and-ll down.

Those minds unphilosophic that, with blind and spiteful folly, see
A personality transformed in each transmuted policy
Should notice how Professor Stokes exhibits with facility
An "I" quite unaffected by the "Ego's" mutability.
Nor is it strange, when parties change, and with them party
issues too,
That we for votes should turn our coats; for don't we change
our tissues too?

Our bodily structure is renewed in each septennial period,
Yet "We" remain; to question that would surely be a
query odd.

And if from off my body one of my successive skins I pull,
In something less than seven years' time—'tis all the same in
principle.

I can't be brought to think I ought to lose one jot of weight
if I've

Arrayed me in a brand-new skin 'twixt June and Christmas
Eighty-Five.

No: this I must explain to you by methods hermeneutical;
Our views in politics are like our muscles, nerves, and cuticle,
They're bound to undergo complete transformatory processes
(A matter this with me, at least, of most assured prognosis is);
Yet there abides beneath them all a *substantia quid resndum*
Whereby the politician still remains an *Individuum*.

And if you ask me to explain what this mysterious essence is,
Where in my nature it resides, and how discerned its presence is,
What links the bygone Tory with the Radical confessed to-day,
And with the veteran Unionist the Parnellite of yesterday—
In psychic laws go seek the cause, which they will not deny to
you,

Or if the task of me you ask, then thus I will reply to you:—

It is that "something deeper" that Professor Stokes acknow-
ledges

Beyond the ken of mortal men, their systems and their 'ologies,
And only apprehended transcendently, supernally,
The ever-energizing Will, one with itself eternally,
Of termless course, and quenchless force, immitigably powerful,
Whose dominant strife through every life fills all your
Schopenhauer full.

'Tis Will! the "will to live"—and rule! There, there is my
identity,

My veritable Self, my true and only inward entity;

'Tis that, you see, that yields the key to the perplexing mystery,
The uni-coloured thread that runs throughout my motley history.
Change, name! die, fame! in that the same, the unaltered
Gl-dst-ne still I am,

There you descry the changeless "I," there the immortal Will
I am!

REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF AN OLD FARM.*

WE have had more than one good volume lately on life and manners in the course of the last century in what are now the United States. But Mr. Mellick's *Story of an Old Farm* is perhaps the most entertaining and instructive of all, as it is unquestionably the most exhaustive. It is surprising what an amount of contemporary materials he has found with regard to the settlement and social growth of the small and comparatively insignificant State of New Jersey. For, as he admits in his preface, "The Story of an Old Farm" is in some degree a misnomer. The story, in truth, is but a slight and scarcely continuous thread running through the intricate and chequered web of the State history. Mr. Mellick, it must be confessed, though often lively enough, is not unfrequently gratuitously diffuse and digressive. He is somewhat addicted to indulging in the moralizing which the reader might be left to do for himself; and he has retold too many of those incidents of the revolutionary war with which we were fairly familiar already, and which are of national rather than of local importance. But, after all, no one feels bound to go through a great volume like this in scrupulous conscientiousness from cover to cover, and Mr. Mellick has the good feeling to intimate that certain chapters may be skipped. He can afford to say so, for he knew well that many of the others are overflowing with interest, entertainment, and suggestion. Beginning in 1735, he paints colonial manners, habits, surroundings, costumes, &c., to the life, going into the most minute and miscellaneous details, and quoting freely from documentary evidence. His work has clearly been most thoroughly done, which explains and excuses his occasional prolixity; and we suspect that his facts and his figures may be pretty implicitly trusted.

It was in 1735 that a certain Johannes Moelich left his picturesque home on the Rhine to seek his fortunes in America. He not only sailed in a small ship with a great company of Germans, but he could count upon finding himself in the New World among many countrymen who had gone before. We all know how briskly German emigration has been going forward within the present century; but Mr. Mellick—who, as we need not say, is the lineal descendant of Herr Moelich—shows that it was already in full swing nearly a hundred years previously. In 1717 the English settlers in Pennsylvania had expressed their apprehensions, in a petition to the Governor, of being swamped in the rising influx of the frugal and hard-working Teutons. The Thirty Years' War, with all the ruin and miseries it left behind, had already given an impulse to the movement, and in the eighteenth century, what with the per-

* *The Story of an Old Farm; or, Life in New Jersey in the Eighteenth Century.* By Andrew D. Mellick, junior. London: Brentano.

secutions and extortions' of the petty princes, the exodus had become greater than ever. The desire to go was general, the difficulty was to get away. Potentates in pecuniary difficulties, like the fiendish Apollyon in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, were loth to part with the heavily burdened subjects whom they reckoned as representing so much head-money, and whom some of them sold advantageously as food for powder. The want of the means of paying the passage was by no means an insuperable obstacle. The sturdy pauper who tramped to a seaport might make his bargain with some speculative Atlantic captain whereby, strange though it may seem, he would sell himself into slavery. The captain put his services for a certain number of years up to auction at the other side of the ocean; and the fact gives some notion of the condition of a tyrant-ridden Germany from which despairing sufferers were eager to escape on such terms. Herr Moelich was more fortunate. He not only slipped his neck leisurely out of the collar, but sold his Rhenish heritage to advantage, and landed in Pennsylvania with some capital. After he had looked about him and learned something of the ways and capabilities of the country, he made his bargain for certain forest lots on the banks of a romantic river in New Jersey, and went to work clearing, building, and fencing. Thenceforth the prosperity of the family of Moelich was secured in a modest way by hereditary industry and frugality; father was quietly succeeded by son; and the causes which occasionally disturbed their peaceful retirement arose from circumstances beyond their control. As when hostile armies took to campaigning in the parish, where the herds and granaries were laid under contribution, or when soldiers were billeted in the great kitchen of the old farm, beneath the oak beams blackened with smoke and festooned with the home-cured hams and bacon. The land, though reasonably cheap, had been by no means given away. Moelich paid six and a half dollars per acre. The man he employed to build the farmhouse had been one of those voluntary slaves to whom we have referred—"Redemptioners," as they were called in the colony. After fulfilling his time of servitude, this Berger's freedom had been duly restored to him, and now he must have become a thriving citizen, as he was in a position to undertake an important building contract. For the old farmstead was no hastily run-up makeshift, but so solidly constructed that it remains at the present day much as it was then. Indeed, New Jersey was an old settlement, and had always been a peaceful one. The Indians, who had left a beaten trail through the forest to the sea, had been quietly removed by mutually satisfactory treaties, so that an old chief could boast that no drop of blood had been shed in battle between his race and the white men. That must have been an almost exceptional experience even in the seaboard States; while at a far later date, further to the north and the west, no outlying settler, when he retired to rest, could make sure of keeping his scalp on his head till morning. Many of the settlers in New Jersey seem to have founded their titles on original grants from the Indians. No one of them appears to have owned any great extent of land, though it must be remembered that they did not sublet, but cultivated their own possessions. There was one noble exile among them with a somewhat romantic story. He was no less a person than Lord Neil Campbell, brother of the unfortunate Earl of Argyll who had been brought to the block for the Scotch descent which preluded Monmouth's rebellion. Lord Neil, who must have been compromised, not only made his escape, but somehow obtained a commission as Deputy-Governor from the corporation of gentlemen who were superiors or suzerains of a half of New Jersey. He is said to have sent over a retinue of sixty-five servants, probably proscribed clansmen whom he had prevailed upon to share his fortunes. Consequently "he lived with considerable state," yet the plantation which he made his home only extended to sixteen hundred and fifty acres. There were strange incongruities in that primitive society. On State occasions and on Sundays and high festivals in the towns there was a great display of vain pomp and ceremony. The churches were crowded with gentlemen gorgeous in slashed crimson and gold, and with ladies in hoops and brocades and high head-dresses. The mayor had the silver mace of office duly borne before him, and the judges aped the solemn procedure of the old country, and went in procession from their lodgings to the Court House, with sheriffs and justices and javelin-men in their train. The etiquette of precedence was so highly considered that one gentleman ceded certain valuable rights to Lord Neil as Deputy-Governor, receiving nothing in return but the privilege of a running footman to hold his stirrup during the meetings of Assembly. On the other hand, those worthy country gentlemen and their dames must have been sadly puzzled to keep their finery in decent order on their periodical journeys from their homesteads to the town. Roads there were none, and consequently no wheeled carriages. All the travelling was done by saddle and pillion, along the forest tracks, which were turned in the rains into quagmires. The rivers could only be crossed by fords, and sometimes the travelling parties had to bivouac on the banks, while patiently awaiting the subsiding of the waters. Though there were no sumptuary laws against extravagant dressing on the Sabbath, those gay garments were the only things that brightened the day. Otherwise it was dismal in the extreme and observed with Levitical strictness. In rural districts the people often came from great distances to listen to two lengthy services, with a brief interval allowed for refreshments between. Yet those who made the longest and roughest

journeys were to be envied, as they killed a good part of the day with exercise and some kind of excitement. The less fortunate shut themselves up in their homes near the church, torturing their unfortunate children with interminable cross-examinations in the Catechism. The marvel is that the children of successive generations, bred in detestation of the holy day, did not cast all religion to the winds when they came to years of discretion. A good story is told of a little colonial girl who had asked if there would be any Sundays in Heaven. "Yes, it will be all Sunday; one long, eternal Saints' rest." "Well," said the innocent child very naturally, "do you know, I'd a heap rather go to the other place." But the old colonists, like some contemporary Scotchmen, had elastic consciences as to the sins they had a mind to. Heads were strong, liquor was cheap, and all sorts and conditions of men were greatly addicted to excessive conviviality on all possible occasions. Each domestic event, from a christening to a funeral, was celebrated by a grand drinking bout. It was the custom to lay down two pipes of wine or two barrels of rum at the birth of a male child. One was meant to celebrate his marriage, and the other as a libation on his death. Rum, applejack, and new and fiery madeira were the favourite tipples, and in comfortable homesteads the rum was kept on tap, as the cider is now in Devonshire or Brittany. The most striking instance we remember of taking to strong spirits as to mother's milk is that of a family of a Connecticut farmer, whose grandson told the story to Mr. Mellick. Early each morning the old gentleman mixed a great bowl of rum punch, flavoured with tansy freshly gathered in the garden. Then assembling wife, children, and servants, he served out an allowance of the abominable compound to each. Next, before dispersing, they proceeded to have family worship. The theory was that the tansy-punch was a sovereign specific against fevers. What the Americans now call "hired hands" seem to have been the exception. The free colonist preferred to be his own master; he either turned trader or artisan, or he tilled a small holding. Besides the imported "Redemptioners," who were sold by their own previous consent for a fixed term of years, the system of slavery had always been in full swing on the farms. It is estimated that before the Revolution nearly 400,000 negroes had been imported into the colonies. These were but the survivors of an infinitely greater number who had been consigned from their native shores to the agents of pious and puritanical merchants. Mr. Mellick gives a terrible picture of the horrors of the middle passage; and we fear it is well authenticated and by no means over-coloured. Small ships only could be employed, that they might cross the harbour bars and ascend the shallow rivers. Five hundred negroes were sometimes stowed away in vessels of less than two hundred tons. They were chained in pairs, and their ordinary allowance of space below decks is said, although it sounds scarcely credible, to have been but six feet by sixteen inches. "For exercise they were made to dance on deck to the tune of a whip." No wonder that, under these conditions, half asphyxiated in a pestilential atmosphere, on short allowance of food and water, diseases were frequent, epidemics spread with frightful virulence, and that sometimes half the cargo had to be thrown overboard, while a percentage of the rest was seriously damaged. It seems clear that the colonists in general, the highly respectable slave merchants in particular, and some of those godly captains of slavers who read prayers regularly and discouraged profane language, must have brought themselves to regard the unfortunate Africans as literally "black ebony." It is fair to add that, when once domesticated in the settlements, the slaves had often little reason to complain of their lot. We see that those on the Old Farm were not only well fed and well clothed, but actually instructed by the parochial schoolmaster. The worst was that their happiness and future fortunes were linked to the life of a good master, and that one unlucky stroke of apoplexy might sever all domestic ties and send them summarily to the hammer.

NOVELS.*

THE name of Miss Mann is a new one to most of the novel-reading public, yet any one who followed the history of the children in her other excellent tale, *A Lost Estate*, will anticipate a great deal of pleasure from *One Another's Burdens*. And, on the whole, they would not be disappointed; yet let us say at once that the weakest parts of her new story are the hero and heroine, the Rev. Simon Elgard and Miriam Strong. The Rev. Simon, who in the opening chapter is making his first public appearance as vicar, at a choir tea, is quite an unnecessarily unpleasant figure, and one with which fiction has already made us acquainted, so that the reader is almost inclined to resent the dis-

* *One Another's Burdens*. By Mary E. Mann. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1890.

Claire Brandon. By Frederick Marshall. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

Briars. By A. M. Monro. 2 vols. London: Griffith & Farran. 1890.

For Somebody's Sake. By Edith Stewart Drewry. 3 vols. London: F. V. White. 1890.

My Time, and What I've Done With It. By F. C. Burnand. London: Burns & Oates. 1890.

From Cloister to Altar. By Claud. London: Routledge. 1890.

tinctness with which he is forced to realize him. He is one of those pawing, easygoing, pleasure-loving parsons, dear (we are frequently told) to the female heart, but whom the male population invariably long to kick—an aspiration which, in the Rev. Simon's case, was more than fulfilled. It is quite likely that pretty Dora Harrison might have been taken in by his fulsome attentions, and his way of addressing her as "little, simple, warm-hearted child"; but no lady, especially a self-contained refined woman like Miriam Strong, could have tolerated him near her for a moment, far less have resolved to marry him. We are given to understand that it is not so much the man as his sermons that she is attracted by, sermons, which, too late, she accidentally discovers are cribbed from other people; but it is far more probable that her real reason for becoming vicar of East Gramplingham was the one ascribed to her by her sister Libbie, that she was never happy unless she was thoroughly miserable. Miriam is too cold and conventional and stilted and good to be very sympathetic; but Libbie, her younger sister, with her little tempers and impulsive clear-sightedness, is very natural; and so is Willie Arkell, Miriam's rejected lover. In fact, with the exception of the two chief characters, every one is well drawn, from the farmer's wife, Mrs. Harrison, to the Squire and his wife, Major and Mrs. Crane, "who," as the first-named lady remarks, "are fit to make your blood boil with thinking every man and woman an angel." The scene in which Willie Arkell comes to say good-bye to the Strong family before leaving for Assam, is admirable; and so is the earlier scene, when Libbie tells Willie, who, as she says, is "so sickeningly in love with Miriam," that her sister is going to marry Mr. Elgard, and of her own passionate indignation at the fact. But Miriam marries him, and learns what he is, even that his cherished sermons are not his own; and with a curious, yet perfectly possible, female inconsistency, saves her conscience by writing them for him, so that at least they may come out of the vicarage. Of course the day of reckoning arrives, when Mr. Elgard's pronounced flirtation with Dora Harrison is discovered by her often-rejected, tardily-accepted husband, and the Vicar is first horsewhipped within an inch of his life and then burnt in effigy by his parish. After this affair, and his tragic end, Miriam, as usual, behaves like an angel (but not very like a woman) to the unhappy Dora, and in the end gives up struggling to be miserable, and allows Willie Arkell to marry her. Miss Mann has plenty of humour, as is shown by her amusing description of Miriam's unsuccessful novel, its critiques and its fate; and plenty of power and capacity of telling a story. Next time we hope she will not have quite such an unpleasant story to tell.

What an infinite number of ways there are of making a proposal! It seems almost appalling to think of the endless variety of turns and twists that can be given to that simple question, "Will you marry me?" Yet it may be doubted whether any two proposals were ever more different in language than two taken from the novels before us, *Claire Brandon* and *Briars*. In order to do them justice, they must be quoted at some length; and, after reading them, the reader will feel that further criticism is almost needless. The first is taken from vol. ii., p. 107, of *Claire Brandon*, and the other person in the drama is Count Conrad v. Hohenwalden. Claire has just requested a fresh assurance of his affection, and then goes on:—

"Conrad, my master, my love, I bring to you an unlearned heart—a heart that has known no instruction; but a heart that has longed to love, and has found in you its sovereign. I throw myself at your feet to learn to love."

He put his arms around her, and held her to him. "You wish to learn to love, Claire?" he answered, smiling to her; "then look at the sunny scene of our betrothal, and take from it your first teaching. Look at the glowing brightness of the day, and at the colours of the flowers; listen to the rustling of the leaves and the carol of the birds; breathe the sweet perfumes of the summer air; hearken to the joyous song of Nature, and gaze upon the inspiring beauty of her work. And then, sweet Claire, remember ever that Nature, who is love, looked on us and rejoiced when we took our love to each other and to her."

"What a radiant omen for our love!" sighed Claire. "What a tender and undying witness of its birth! How gloriously privileged we are, Conrad, to tell each other our avowal in the presence of such a confidant! Look—feel—she casts over us the protection of her royalty, the grace of her simplicity, the eternity of her filicity! In our hours of trial we will remind each other of this enchanting scene, of this incomparable moment, and we will find encouragement and fortitude in the memory of our beginning. Tell me, Conrad, can we love more than this?"

"Ah, dearest, that would seem impossible! And yet the poets tell us that love grows with its own delight."

"Grows? Can this prodigious feeling grow? But, if it grows, it must become awful in its might! Conrad, I must tell my aunt at once."

The other proposal is taken from vol. i. p. 47 of *Briars*; and before making the quotation it must be explained that it has been tacitly agreed between the two families that a marriage would eventually take place between Maurice Dale and May Denison, who have been playmates from childhood. At the moment that the tender scene is about to commence the young lady is practising her singing, and the young gentleman appears at the window:—

"I say, May, do shut up that beastly row; I want to talk to you."

"Talk away, then," she said; "but don't be long. I really must go on with my singing."

"Do you call that singing? I never heard such screeches in my life; it sounded like an in-ane pea-hen." And Maurice proceeded to treat her to what he considered an imitation of her notes. But he soon desisted.

"Do be serious," he said. "I really have something important to say. The governor has been jumping on me like mad."

"No doubt you deserved it. What have you been doing?" asked May.

"It was not about anything I have done, but something I have left undone on this occasion. I say, May, you know you and I have got to marry each other some day?"

"Oh, yes! of course, some day."

"Well, my father is in an awful funk you should marry some one else. So he says we ought to get engaged."

"Oh, but that's nonsense, Maurice!"

"So I think," he answered. "But he made a most awful row and fuss, and said I must come and ask you. And, after all, May, I don't see much harm in it. We've got to marry each other some day, so it wouldn't make much difference if we were formally engaged. We could just say we were, and I would give you a ring, and we needn't be married yet any the more."

"Yes, but —" May hesitated.

"Do say you will, there's a jolly girl! It needn't make the slightest atom of difference, you know, and the governor would be so pleased and leave off bothering."

May considered. "I don't see much good in it," she said slowly.

"No; but there's no harm."

"Well, I don't mind, if you really wish it."

"That's all right! May, you're a brick! I'll tell father we've settled it, and I'll go up to town and buy you the jolliest ring ever seen."

"But we won't be married for ages yet?"

"Rather not! You don't imagine I want to be married, do you? Now I'll go and leave you in peace to your screeching. Good-bye."

The reader can take his choice which of the above novels is likely to suit him. If he is of a sentimental, gushing nature, with the elements of a self-conscious prig largely intermingled, Miss Claire Brandon and her lover will be exactly to his taste. They talk much about Nature; but Nature is so conspicuously absent from any of the characters that it would not be surprising if a thunderbolt came down from heaven and destroyed them all. Never was a book so filled with padding conversations, and minor figures only introduced to glorify the heroine and to talk in a perfectly impossible way. Whole chapters are devoted to discussions of charm, dress, beauty, food—of anything whatever that has nothing to do with the story, of which the outline is simply this. Claire Brandon is brought to her English aunt when two years old, with a letter from her dead father, saying that his wife, who was a Frenchwoman, had died when Claire was born. No evidence of the marriage was forthcoming; the uncle, who in the event of Claire's illegitimacy was heir-at-law to the family property, brings an action, and the jury decide that the letter, though moral evidence of Colonel Brandon's marriage, afforded no legal proof. The property, therefore, passes to his brother George. Miss Brandon, the aunt, thereupon cut her brother dead and took her niece abroad, where she kept her in ignorance of the stain on her birth. After growing up a model of grace and fascination, and charming Venetian, Parisian, and London society, she and her aunt drift to Ems, where they make the acquaintance of Count von Hohenwalden and his mother, and the Marquise de Rochedure. This lady furnishes the greater part of the conversational padding, and is generally affected and tiresome, though she occasionally manages to be amusing, as in her description of the cookery of all nations. Claire and Conrad fall in love with each other (as we have seen); but the Countess von Hohenwalden refuses her consent, on the score of Claire's want of nobility. Then Claire is told by her aunt of the cloud hanging over her, and herself refuses to marry Conrad, even after his mother's death, when there is no one to care. Of course, after nearly dying of despair, Claire herself discovers her mother's grave and marriage papers in a perfectly miraculous manner, and the two exalted souls are united for ever. The book is absolutely without interest, and can be best described in the author's own words, as applied to English cookery—"It is uncouth and meaningless; both tallowy and sodden; both ponderous and poor."

Sentiment, it is needless to remark, after the foregoing proposal, is not the besetting sin of *Briars*. Miss Monro "damns" sentiment almost as much as Sir Peter Teazle when his eyes have been opened. Her heroine is a nice, pleasant girl, whom every one is fond of, but who does not break a bewildering amount of hearts. Her hero, who says "beastly" nearly as often as the young Englishman in Mr. Henry James's novels, is a good-natured, undeveloped boy, with all his troubles before him. Of course, directly after entering into the rash compact above quoted, each of the pair falls in love—May with a clever barrister, friend and travelling companion of her lover, Maurice Dale; Maurice with a pseudo widow, who ultimately turns out to be the barrister, Louis Raymond's, disreputable wife. The whole plot and the *dénouement* are very cleverly managed. The disreputable wife does not die, as she certainly would have done in less skilful hands, and Maurice, after a short career of despair and debauchery, comes to his senses, falls really in love with May, and, after more than one rebuff, induces her to marry him. Louis Raymond is the least successful of all the characters, but even he has more substance and charm than is usual with the "brilliant man of the world" of a lady's novel. Miss Monro is strong and terse and decided. She never lingers over her effects, and for that reason she makes them.

For Somebody's Sake is really a maddening book. It is vulgar, and silly, and unreal, to the last degree. Miss Drewry gives us a family feud, with a dark beautiful Earl on one side, and a lovely orphan heiress on the other; an idolized brother, who is said to be dead, but in reality is only temporarily mad; a wicked solicitor; a gentleman who cheats at cards; a horsey, swearing, good-natured lady, and a host of minor characters. At fifteen, the Earl of Ernescliffe, an Eton boy, addresses his brother of eleven as "my Cecil," and says he is being coaxed "to spoil his darling to the top of his bent." He also snatches up the infuriated little

heirss, who attacks him for trespassing, and swears he will some day have a kiss for every blow. After these exceedingly boy-like traits we find him again at twenty-eight a leader of Society (always with a very big S) and a brilliant musician. He seems to lounge through Society in an elegant purposeless manner, but, in truth, he is bent on luring to his destruction Digby Arden, the cousin of the heiress, Victorine St. Maur, and the man who has tempted away, after a few weeks of marriage, his brother Cecil's wife. This wife is the daughter of the solicitor, Lemaire, who, at the opening of the story, is taking a casual tour in Devonshire. It is quite enough for him to see the boys, aged eleven and fifteen, to inspire him with the notion of throwing his little daughter, a few years hence, into the Earl's way, so that she may become his mistress, and, when the Earl is tired of her, her father be made his land agent, as a bribe to silence. This is going beyond even the ordinary villainy of a solicitor; but the scheme only succeeds in part, for, as has been said, Lemaire gets the girl actually married abroad to Cecil Darrell. The Earl's own scheme about Mrs. Darrell's lover is hardly less involved and far-reaching, but it succeeds better. He tempts Arden to play, makes him borrow money through Lemaire, forecloses, watches him cheat at cards, and finally orders him to leave the country, solely with the object of getting him out of his brother's way, in case Cecil should ever regain his senses. And up to the last he is convinced that he is performing a noble action, instead of following the current of morality, which is, "to do the *en règle*, and go to the D.C." The language is the author's own (vol. i. p. 106), and not put into the mouths of any of her characters. Indeed, every one's motives are very mixed, for Victorine St. Maur persuades herself that she only marries Ernestcliffe in order to revenge herself on him for his treachery to her cousin Digby. Not one creature behaves like a gentleman or a lady, even outwardly. The refined Miss St. Maur speaks of men by their Christian names, and refers to how she "chummed up" with another girl. She likewise goes alone with a young man to a theatre, and he escorts her to a dance after; yet she is perpetually being held up to admiration by the author, as a young lady who would not be "bound by any rule that was not *d'accord* with her own will" (vol. i. p. 57). Then the Earl and his friends are not above discussing their lady friends at the Club without any handles to their names, and referring to the "beautiful St. Maur," or remarking that they must go "to pretty little Walborough's hop to-night." The author's ignorance of society is nearly as astonishing as her employment of the French language, both in her own person and that of her characters. She makes her chief personages all meet as a matter of course at the opening of the Academy, though they have every one been at the private view. She appears to consider it the fashionable thing to do. Then Lord Ernestcliffe's reputation is wholly lost, because a male friend once meets him walking alone in Highgate near midnight. No one could be in Highgate for an innocent purpose, "and the story is all over the Clubs the next day." Surely the inhabitants of Highgate would be justified in bringing an action for libel against their neighbourhood. Finally, when Cecil Darrell recovers his reason (and loses his wife) he is removed secretly from the house in Highgate to a seacoast village in Spain; after which he is ostentatiously brought home, and, by way of stifling curiosity, paragraphs are inserted in all the papers to say that he has been kept for five years a prisoner among the banditti of the mountains! As to the French, the characters are all perpetually finishing their sentences with *Nest-ce pas*, or *cela va bien*, or addressing each other as *cheri*—always without an accent. Miss Drewry herself cannot be bound down to the exclusive use of her mother tongue, and brings in her French words as oddly as any one else. In vol. ii. p. 101, she observes, "A parcel was brought to the door, and was taken in by the *femme*"; and, again, in vol. iii. p. 60, a bouquet is lifted out by "the enraptured *femme*." Perhaps we have said enough to show that the book has nothing to recommend it, and that our opening remarks are justified.

Mr. Burnand's many friends will be glad to welcome a new edition of *My Time, and What I've Done With It*, but for the information of those who did not read the book on its first appearance, let us say that it is the autobiography of an only child, from his earliest recollections up to the time of his marriage. Certainly the experiences of Master Cecil Colvin were varied enough to suit every taste, and, as a necessary consequence, he saw many men and many manners. On the whole, the most interesting and attractive chapters in the book are those relating to the Verney family, hardworking theatrical people, whose talents are made the best of in their social lines. They are connected with Cecil Colvin's nurse, with whom he pays them surreptitious visits at the age of five—visits highly disapproved of by his female relatives. The curious home-life led by Cecil with his father, who wishes him, when a boy, to become a man, and, when he does become a man, himself marries again and treats his son as a boy, is well described; and so is the terrible dinner in which Cecil learns casually that the next day will give him a stepmother. He comes wonderfully well out of the ordeal of freedom, independence, and wealth in which his holidays had been passed; but it must be owned that for a boy, and an Eton boy, he was strangely given to tears. We pass over his childish tears, which were natural enough; but as a boy of fourteen, when he and his friend Austin Comberwood were taking leave of each other, they "cried bitterly at parting." He wept before his fagmasters; had a "feeling stealing over him" at a festivity given to the Verneys, two years later, which nearly "resulted in

weeping"; and the same thing occurs on his arrival at home, when he was requested by his father to sign some document. Some people have a physical inability to restrain their tears, a fact which they must deplore more highly than any one; but this weakness must have caused the Eton boy many bad moments. There is an excellent account of the preliminaries to theatricals in a country house, on which no one is better qualified to write than Mr. Burnand; and he has earned the thanks of his readers for having refrained from giving a lengthy description of the performance. Mr. Cavander is naturally drawn, so are Sir John Colvin, Herbert Pritchard, and the Van Clyms, on whom the author has expended a good deal of care; but Austin Comberwood and his sister Alice are hardly so successful. Still we have not enough of them to make any great difference to the story, which has more than one tragedy underlying the comedy of the Verney family; and if the reader *does* guess the end at the beginning, he will not like the book the worse for that.

The characters in *From Cloister to Altar* live in a very "mad world." A boy joins a troupe of strolling actors, marries one of them, sees her murdered by a friend with powdered glass, runs away to a monastery for twelve years, comes out and lives for two at his own country house, is recognized by the murderer at a clairvoyant séance, is arrested and tried for murdering his wife; the real culprit, now dying of consumption, refuses to confess, but is made to do so at the last moment by the girl he loves, who renounces him. The book is dull and impossible; but the judge at the trial gives a much more natural charge to the jury than is usual in novels.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IN *Jonel Fortunat* (1) Herr Marco Brociner has achieved a novel of Roumanian manners which with the merits of good construction and commendable directness unites the charm of local colour and the grip of one who has made the subject his own. That he is past-master of his art, in so far as it deals with Roumanian character, social conditions, and atmosphere, and with the curious mixture of patriarchal naïveté, corruption, and barbaric poetry which pervades contemporary Balkan civilization, few who have read his short stories will deny. What flaws they may discover in this more ambitious effort are those one is not surprised to find in the first two-volume novel of a practised and successful writer of short stories. More figures are needed to fill a large, broadly-painted canvas than a small one. It therefore sometimes happens that Herr Brociner repeats himself in the creation of types, thereby endowing them with too marked a family likeness. And because he has not yet learnt to marshal the complex movements of his crowd, it will happen that, when he has concentrated his excellent faculty of observation on a real living creation, worthy of all the interest it arouses, the creator leaves another equally living creation, in whom we have an equal right to be interested, in the lurch. Zilibi Psantir, the deformed Jewish enthusiast, the unrecognized genius who interwove with wild Roumanian and plaintive Russian folksong "a history of his own, a Jewish-Christian history that you would not find written in any book, nor filtered into any other music," is too good to fade out of ken when the deformed lawyer, Tehuku, comes on the scene. But Tehuku is equally good; although, despite his tragic ending, his wealth, and the culture which leaves no room for prejudice, he is but the humorous side of Zilibi, so that we scarcely wonder if both cannot be turned towards us at the same time. Schopenhauer was the only German philosopher he could abide; he liked him for having so little kindness for woman, who had none for Tehuku. "To be sure," he soliloquized, "Schopenhauer can only be adequately appreciated by those whose backs are adorned with a hump as big as mine; and, alas! there are so few hunchbacks in God's world!" In his cups he is less reasonable; he is as pathetic as Zilibi in his. Yet he is an excellent drunkard; so is Pope Constantine, so is the German tutor Brunner, so is the "Kopsar" Dinicu; but all form a sort of sentimental drunkards' association, and "sit with their feet in a brook," harping an inebriate monotone in the same minor key, in different places and in widely diverse situations. The form of ecstasy in which they excel is not restricted to Roumania. *Il y a le vin triste*, the wine bloodthirsty, or despairing, or amorous, or even mystic; there is no country where it is inevitably tearful. Lea is rough-hewn and unfinished. Her maker fails to present her to us with the subtlety of analysis which is so remarkable in his treatment of other characters.

Der Seelensorger (2) is the psychology, not, as the title would lead one to infer, of one who had a cure of souls, but of the woman for whom he forfeited it. Frau von Zepko was a beautiful widow who talked like a book. She had not been happy in her married life, and took her grievances against the world at large so seriously that when she could not talk of them she was obliged to write down bitter and sceptical aphorisms in a Russian leather notebook. Bertrand Lund, a young divine, who was also a doctor of philosophy, was recruiting at Karlsbrunn, after having read too hard. He found the widow's book, restored it to her, discussed

(1) *Jonel Fortunat*. Von Marco Brociner. Stuttgart, Leipzig, Berlin, Wien.

(2) *Der Seelensorger*. Von Victor Valentin. Leipzig: Verlag von Carl Reizner.

its contents with her, fell in love with and was jilted by her, killed a man who slandered her in a duel, and, leaving the Church, became a shining literary and journalistic light. By the time they met again in Berlin, three years later, Cornelia von Zepko had discovered that she could not live without the ex-Seelensorger. Although she still talked so much that he could hardly get a word in, he managed, while she took breath, to propose to her once more. There is no reason to believe they were not happy ever afterwards, being as evidently made for each other as they were unadapted for general consumption. Herr Valentin's manner is better than his matter; for, although it is sometimes marred, as when he wishes to depict the politest society, by faults of inexperience, he manages to tell a dull tale with considerable literary cunning.

Two pretty new stories, in one volume, by Fräulein von Ebner-Eschenbach (3), who, if she does not see far, sees well, and tells what she sees with humour, grace, and excellent breeding. Here is no guessing nor surmising as to the manners and customs of the caste to which the Freiherren von Gemperlein or the Neumarks belong, but a faithful, genial, and sympathetic picture of persons and conditions that appertain to it, wrought by one of its members. The brothers Gemperlein, their dependents and neighbours, their fads, their mistakes, and their divergent enthusiasms and prejudices, are infinitely diverting. Yet is nothing concerning them set down in malice or exaggeration. The writer's style is beyond reproach.

The most unbridled fancy, the driest humour, and the most startling realism, vivified and harmonized by the poetic breath which informs most of the work of Jókai Mór, go far to make a masterpiece of the extraordinary booklet to which he has given the sub-title of "Legend, Romance, and Reality" (4). Nowhere does the descriptive power of the Hungarian poet and novelist shine more brightly than in the wondrous page which pictures the cave-dwelling of the sage Aloh-Beth-Gomal. Nowhere is the magic of his realism more potent than in the details of the pilgrimage to and the sojourn in Mecca. And his humour has never been more laughter-compelling than in the interview between the Egyptian Princess and the Egyptian Governor of Dschiddah, and the one between the Turkish Pasha of Damascus and Edris-el-Homrah, the Rosy-faced. But it is easier to begin than to end well. We like not the violently tragic end, nor the mirrored and malachite walls, nor the electric light, nor the abominable upholstery of the grotesque castle, nor any of the *mise-en-scène* of the final slaughter.

Frau Therese Stutzer's "Tales of German Life" (5) on the skirt of the primeval forest are graphic records of her country-people's endurance, temptations, and successes in a Brazilian colony. They convey a vivid impression of the tropical splendour and luxuriant vegetation of the Italy Valley, a clear and often humorous one of the clash of opposite races, their petty jealousies and contrasting temperaments. The best written of these tales tells how a body of Brazilian soldiers came to guard a prisoner in the German settlement. "The men were well set-up, varying in complexion from dark to light brown, with handsome uniforms and jaunty caps set askew on their woolly hair, their white teeth gleaming between their thick lips, proud and happy but for the shoes they had been ordered to wear for the occasion," shoes to which they were unaccustomed, and which impeded their walk. They were in charge of two officers, one of whom soon gave himself leave to return to the Senhora he had left behind him, leaving his subaltern to cope with pilfering and in-subordinate men, and to fall in love with a black-eyed Doña Júlia. The German women work in field and house, but Doña Júlia, a fifteen-year-old, full-fledged Brazilian coquette, spent her day, like her mother and like her grandmother had done before her, at the window, from which coign of vantage she "was the first to bow" to the gentlemen with whom she was or wished to be acquainted. "For in Brazil," remarks the writer, "where so many things are topsy-turvy, and where even the moon hangs upside down in the sky, the ladies are the first to greet the gentlemen, and when they beckon them to them, it is (according to our notions) as if they were waving them away."

We gather from Herr Merian's pamphlet that the *Jung-deutschen* (6) are born to realism as their Gallic prototypes were born to romanticism. Herr Merian quotes at length from his own satiric verse, and in fine emphatic prose holds up for our execration "the empty theatrical Scandinavianisms of Dahn, the 'Drahtuppen' of Ebers, the old-maidishness of Marlitt, Spielhagen's habit of fencing with great problems, and the 'Schauerquatsch' of Paul Lindau." On the other hand, we are asked to admire every novel and every "ballade" written by every author under thirty, which we gather to be the age of the eldest "Jung-deutscher." One of the finest of these, by Herr von Lilienkron, tells the stirring tale of how König Regnar—"Der lebte fromm und frei—Er trug gepichte Hosen." But we will neither mutilate this masterpiece, nor the equally soul-stirring poem of Bruder Ziederlich, by further quotation.

(3) *Neue Erzählungen*. Von Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach. Berlin: Verlag von Gebrüder Paetel.

(4) *Das tolle Herz: Sage, Roman und Wirklichkeit*. Von Maurus Jókai. Deutsch von Ludwig Rotter. Wien: Breitensteins Verlagsbuchhandlung.

(5) *Deutsches Leben am Rande des brasilianischen Urwaldes*. Novellen von Therese Stutzer. Gotha: Friedrich Andreas Perthes.

(6) *Die Jungdeutschen*. Von Hans Merian. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Friedrich.

Die Dramaturgie des Schauspiels (7), a sequel to the *Dramaturgie der Classiker*, deals with Grillparzer, Hebbel, Ludwig, Gutzkow, and Laube, who, although they do not rank among the classics, yet serve the writer's purpose as well, if otherwise, as the greater names of Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, with which he has hitherto concerned himself. Starting from the premisses that the Poetic is not necessarily the Dramatic, nor the Dramatic the Theatrical, while the playwright is poet, dramatist, and past-master of stagecraft, Herr Bultaupt reduces play-writing to a science, illustrated as much by the failures and shortcomings as by the triumphs of those dramatists who form the subject of his essays. These are, although Herr Bultaupt never loses sight of his primary purpose, noteworthy as monographs, especially those on Grillparzer and Laube.

Herr Max Niemeyer publishes as the twenty-third number of the *Halle'sche Abhandlungen zur neueren Geschichte* a treatise on the statecraft of Mirabeau, by Dr. Georg Gradnauer (8); one on Theodoret, Bishop of Kyrrhos, and the sources from which he compiled his History of the Church (9), by Dr. A. Güldenpenning; and Herr Ernst Regel's admirable edition of Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humourists (Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding), with copious English notes from the best available sources. The lectures are printed in English (being part of the *Materialien für das Neuenglische Seminar*) (10), with a biographical introduction to each in German, based on the writings of Lamb, Hazlitt, David Hannay, Mr. Austin Dobson, and others.

MITO YASHIKI.*

A "TALE of Old Japan" that should present a true picture of the inner world of feudal society towards the close of the Shogunate and disclose the real nature of the political methods that brought about the so-called Restoration of 1868 would indeed be a work of the utmost value and interest. But the time has not yet come for any such task to be approached with confidence, even by the most accomplished of our Japanese scholars. Such a romance as Mr. Maclay has produced ought to be based upon a knowledge of Old Japan, only to be gained by a study of the *nikki* or journals of the Daimies and the archives of the Tokugawa Government, neither of which sources of information are accessible to research; nor, indeed, could be used save by those who have had the leisure and patience requisite to acquire the not easy language and much more difficult scripts of Dai Nippon. Scholars of this calibre are to be counted on the fingers of one hand, and of these only one or two have had any personal experience of the habits of life and thought that prevailed in the days of the Bakufu régime. Mr. Maclay has read some of the commoner modern accounts of Japan and, what was much more to the purpose, Mr. Satow's translation of the *Kinsei Shiryaku* ("Summary of Recent Events"); but his knowledge of Old Japan and its ways is of a most elementary character. He invariably talks of *Tenshi* (the Emperor) *tout court* without the definite article; writes *ahmé*, doors, for *amado* (shutters); *gorojio* for *Go Rojin* (Council of State, *lit.* assembly of the noble elders); *hattomoto* for *hatamoto* (vassals); *nebon* for *naibun* (incognito); terms young ladies *neesan* (a name usually given to girls at an inn), and supposes the *fudai* Daimies alone to have been direct vassals of the Shogun, which in theory all the Daimies were from the highest to the lowest. It is, in fact, clear that many easily accessible sources of information have either been neglected or insufficiently studied by Mr. Maclay, with the result that the picture he has drawn is both imperfect and misleading.

Nevertheless, the book shows some evidence of literary power, and a certain comprehension of the spirit of old Japanese society, that redeem it from failure. Its pages do, in some measure, exhale the peculiar perfume of a period so near in time, so distant in the line of historical evolution, as that which the Japanese still call their middle ages, though it closed less than four decades ago. The grave courtesy, the composed manners, the truly heroic contempt for death, the calm endurance of agony, the artistic mode and sobriety of the decorative side of life, and the curious intermixture of simplicity of habits and intricacy of ceremonial that distinguished the isolation of Japan, are more or less happily illustrated in this volume, in which, too, the singularly bloody and vengeful aspects of an utterly non-ferocious society are abundantly exemplified. Nor is the historical theory which underlies the story, though false in fact, altogether false in character. The principal hero is a "Mr." Yamada—"Mr." sounds strange as applied to a pre-Restoration *samurai*—a retainer of a *kugé* or Court nobleman, who is suspected by the Shogun's

(7) *Die Dramaturgie des Schauspiels*. Von Heinrich Bultaupt. Oldenburg und Leipzig: A. Schwarz.

(8) *Mirabeau's Gedanken über die Erneuerung des französischen Staatwesens*. Von Georg Gradnauer. Halle: Niemeyer.

(9) *Die Kirchengeschichte von Theodoret von Kyrrhos*. Von Dr. A. Güldenpenning. Halle: Niemeyer.

(10) *Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humourists*. Mit bibliographischem Material von Ernst Regel. Halle: Max Niemeyer.

* Mito Yashiki: a Tale of Old Japan. Being a Feudal Romance descriptive of the Decline of the Shogunate and of the Downfall of the Power of the Tokugawa Family. By A. C. Maclay, A.M., LL.B. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Resident at Kyoto of being a secret spy in the service of the Court party and the southern and western Daimios, whose hostility to the Shogunate, dating from the times of Hideyoshi (the Taiko) and Iyeyasu, had gathered fresh power from the Shinto-revivalist movement set afoot mainly by Motoori towards the close of the eighteenth century, an excellent account of which has been given by Mr. Satow, in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan. Yamada really is such a spy, but is clever enough to outwit and even lull to rest the espionage to which he is himself subjected. The story opens at the moment of Commodore Perry's first appearance in Japanese waters, and Yamada's policy is to take advantage of this occurrence, induce the Shogunate to accede to the demands of the hated foreigners, and thus bring itself into collision with the Court, and excite such discontent in the country as to cause a revolution, in the course of which the constitutional supremacy of the Mikado might be vindicated to the profit of the southern and western Daimios. For this purpose he requires accurate information of what goes on at Yedo, and as he must himself maintain his apparently innocent character at Kyoto, he proposes to his friend Nakashima that the latter's three sons—Tomokichi, Junzo, and Kunisaburo—should act as Imperial spies, which office their descent from a famous retainer of Iyeyasu would enable them to discharge the more effectually in that their goings and doings would be little open to suspicion. The proposal is accepted with an alacrity not so strange to the Japanese of thirty or forty years ago as to ourselves, and the story is for the most part taken up with the adventures of these three young men; of a fourth, Konishi, a Tokugawa interpreter, and of Yamada himself, in the furtherance of the plot. Tomokichi and his brothers go to Yedo and are received into the Mito clan, taking up their quarters in the great Mito *yashiki*, or town mansion. The inner life of the *yashiki* is described, but of the social life of the upper classes of old Japan we really know next to nothing, and Mr. Maclay's picture is perforce nothing more than an excursus of his fancy, though not perhaps altogether unlike the reality. Nothing much comes of the young men's espionage, which soon becomes known to the authorities; they shadow and are shadowed, and some bloodshed ensues; they learn something of foreign ways, and of the intrigues of the Yedo Court, which they enable Yamada in a certain minor degree to frustrate, but eventually their schemes are detected, and the punishment of death is pronounced upon them and upon Konishi, together with their families, by the Taio, the celebrated lord of Hikoné, Ii Kamon no Kami. Yamada, however, saves them, and ultimately the Taio is induced, or rather compelled, to accept the *seppuku*, or self-despatch, of the fathers of the young men in lieu of the attainder of their families. The *seppuku* is described with some vigour upon the lines indicated in Mr. Mitford's well-known account of a similar scene which he had actually witnessed, and in the *Chushingura*, a romance founded upon the loyal devotion of the forty-seven Ronins, of which the story will also be found in Mr. Mitford's book. The remainder of the volume is taken up with the narration of the plot laid by the bereaved sons, with the help of Yamada, to exact vengeance upon the *bakko genro* (the swaggering chief councillor), the Taio, Ii Kamon no Kami, who was murdered near the Sakurada Gate of the castle of Yedo, on the 23rd March, 1860. Junzo, to ensure the success of the attack upon the Regent, sacrificed his own life, but the others escaped, and in after days, when the Mikado, emerging from his seclusion, resumed the authority conferred upon his ancestors by the sun goddess, drank champagne instead of tea, and exchanged his silken garments and straw sandals for gold-laced coats and patent-leather boots, made a happy ending to the story by becoming Christians.

Of Ii Kamon no Kami a harsh and quite unfaithful portrait is drawn. He was one of the most enlightened men of his day, and in a memoir of him recently published the calumnies heaped upon him by the Jō-i (Imperial) party are, we believe, completely disposed of. His great offence was his passing over the Mito candidate for the Shogunate upon the death of Iyesada. But he followed precedent in selecting a prince of the Kishiu house—not *Kūshiu*, the difference, apparently small, is really important—and to have chosen a son of the old Daimio of Mito would have been a practical abandonment of his duty as guardian of the interests of the Tokugawa dynasty. Events showed his sagacity, for the last of the Shoguns, Hitotsubashi, who was no other than the rejected candidate, was at heart an Imperialist, and by his irresolution and want of faith in his own cause closed in dishonour a line of rulers that for two centuries and a half had assured a profound peace to Japan. Had the Lord of Hikoné lived he might have reformed the Shogunate and enabled the dynasty of Iyeyasu to play an even more important part than that which has been assigned to the descendants of the sun goddess. A curious chapter called "A Metaphysical Siesta" deserves a word in passing. It contains a supposed conversation between the Lord of Hikoné and a Buddhist priest, in which the former somewhat ingeniously defends his policy on the ground that the superior power of the foreigner must be recognized as involving something more than merely intellectual superiority. This something, which the Japanese do not possess, is the principle of faith whereon, whether true or false, is built a system of ethics which derives from it a force utterly lacking to Japan. By a different course of reasoning an American missionary shows Yamada what this faith is, and convinces him of the adequacy and credibility of the Revelation which is its source and warranty. Thus by different paths—one

mainly utilitarian in character, the other religious—the two enemies are led to similar conclusions as to the advantages of Christianity, though these are regarded from opposite points of view—the one political, the other moral. This mingled union and conflict of opinions is a characteristic feature of contemporary Japanese society.

PETER LOWE.*

MEDICAL bibliography is a doubly attractive subject. In that history of human error which Mr. Caxton projected it would have had a prominent place, and filled many interesting chapters. The mind naturally reverts, when we think of the medicine of the seventeenth century, to the names of the Kentish Harvey and the Norfolk Browne, and it is not without pleasure that we receive Dr. Finlayson's reminder that at least one other worthy name may be added to a somewhat scanty list. The physicians of that period were heavily handicapped. They had to contend, not only with ignorance, but with the weight of old authority. The traditions of the School of Salerno were scarcely forgotten, and Galen was still constantly cited. Peter Lowe had both difficulties to contend with; but seems, on the whole, so far as can be gathered from the few biographical facts which have been collected respecting his career, to have emancipated himself from some of the heaviest trammels which bound his contemporaries. Dr. Finlayson commences in the Shandean fashion, and tells us first about his hero's tomb, which is near the gate of the churchyard which surrounds Glasgow Cathedral. The monument, which is in good preservation, belongs to the medical Faculty, by whom it was formally acquired in 1834 from Lowe's representatives, and by whom it is kept in decent repair. The epitaph is in the quaint style common at the time; a few lines are worth quoting:—

For of his God he got the grace
To live in mirth and die in peace:
Heaven has his soul, his corpse this stone:
Sigh, passenger, and so begone.

The exact date of Peter Lowe's death is unknown, but he was alive in December 1612, although that is the year usually given. It is certain, however, that his widow married again very soon, and in January, 1615, she is registered as Mrs. Walter Stirling, the mother of a son, John by name. Lowe's gloves are preserved in the Hall of the Faculty, which he founded at Glasgow, and are of leather, handsomely embroidered with gold and silver thread.

The greater part of the book is too strictly medical to be of general interest. Dr. Finlayson shows that his hero anticipated the practitioners of the nineteenth century in treating disease constitutionally as well as locally, and quotes particularly his moderate and sensible remarks on cancer, aneurism, and other complaints. He had a great horror of the ignorant "barber-chirurgeons" of his day, and sets off many of his remarks with anecdotes of their depredations among his patients. There are curious remarks about his life in Paris, where he seems to have studied during the siege of 1589-1590, and also about some six or eight years which he spent as a surgeon in the French army. In all he must have been some thirty years abroad, but he always calls himself a Scotchman. The place and time of his birth are unknown, and we may be sure that, had it been possible to discover them, Dr. Finlayson would have done so. His works seem to have been highly esteemed, and, to judge from the extracts cited, are written in better English than was at all common in the Lowlands at that time. His contempt for the barbers is shown in the charter which he obtained for the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, in which there is no mention of these "ignorants," as he termed them. It is worth while to notice the provisions made in this charter for the regulation of the sale of drugs. It is ordained that "na manir of personis sell onie droggis within the Citie of Glasgow except the sam be sichtit be the saidis visitouris," who were Peter Lowe himself and one Robert Hamilton, and there were further regulations of great stringency as to poisons. No one was permitted to "sell retoun poison, asenick, or sublemate, under the pane of ane hundred merkis, except onlie the apothecaries quha sall be bund to tak caution of the byaris, for coist, skaith, and damage." We can quite imagine that the authorities who were responsible for the barbarous style and spelling of these provisions were envious of Lowe's elegant and perspicuous English, and are not surprised to find the most violent denunciations against those who wrote on surgical and medical subjects in any but the dead languages. Lowe's *Chirurgie* was of course condemned by practitioners who took this view; but some of his contemporaries praised him for the great benefits he had conferred "on his country and the commonwealth." He himself makes a curious slip when mentioning this controversy, for in the preface to his first edition he observes that some men, more respecting their own private gain than the public profit, "will thinke that I should have concealed those things as did the Egyptians, by writing in letters *Hydrographicks*." In the second edition he corrects *Hydrographicks* into *Hieroglyphiques*. The portrait prefixed to the title-page, from a painting by an unknown artist, preserved in the collection of the Faculty, is delicately engraved, and shows us Master Lowe, even when his

* Account of the Life and Works of Master Peter Lowe. By James Finlayson, M.D. Glasgow: Maclehose 1889.

hair was white, by no means forgetful of those graces of toilette and costume which presumably he had learnt during his early residence in France. The book is beautifully printed and has an excellent index.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.*

THE two minor law books of which Mr. Jolly has given a translation in the thirty-third volume of *The Sacred Books of the East* throw considerable light on the origin and history of the ancient Code of Manu, and further enable us, in the almost complete absence of all historical documents among the Hindoos, to form some idea of the ways of life in Northern India during the earlier centuries of the Christian era.

Nārada's law book, which is the first Mr. Jolly translates, has been known by name to the learned world for upwards of a century, being quoted by Sir W. Jones in his celebrated version of the Code of Manu. It is as difficult to fix the exact date of Nārada's Code as it is to determine when that of Manu was reduced to the form in which we now possess it. Although it would appear certain from internal evidence that Nārada was in possession of a work identical with or closely allied to the present Code of Manu, the new work is far from being a mere slavish reproduction of Manu's doctrines, and the Nārada-smṛiti "must be considered as an independent, and therefore specially valuable, exposition of the whole system of civil and criminal law, as taught in the law schools of the period." The date which Mr. Jolly assigns for its composition is, at latest, the fifth or sixth century of our era. This conclusion is to be deduced partly from the prior date assigned on good authority to the Code of Manu (namely, between the second centuries before and after Christ) and partly to internal evidence derived from Nārada's writings. Thus, for instance, in the Nārada-smṛiti we find frequent mention of gold coins called *Dināra*, a term of much importance as a criterion in the barren waste of Indian chronology. The first importation of the gold *Denarius* into India cannot be referred to an earlier period than the time of the Roman Emperors, and those most frequently found there belong to the third century A.D. Lastly, in the sixth century, we have a reference to Nārada's Code in the work of one Bāna, who wrote the law book entitled *Kādambari*.

Nārada's Code is divided into eighteen books or Titles of Law, of which the first, concerning the Law of Debt, is by far the longest. Twenty-six sections are devoted to the discussion of its various points. Valid and invalid transactions are defined, also modes of proof and the law regarding usurers, sureties, and pledges; next come documents (which must either be "in the handwriting of the party himself" or in that of another person duly attested), witnesses—who, Nārada remarks, may be either incompetent or false—and the nature of valid and invalid evidence. Section 18 discusses "what has to be done in default of both Witnesses and Documents"; and eight sections are next devoted to a very curious exposition of the law of "Proof by Ordeal." Among the Hindoos, according to the Code of Manu, five kinds of Ordeal were recognized—the Balance, Fire, Water, Poison, and Consecrated Water. These, says Nārada, "have been ordained for the purpose of proving the innocence of criminals who are defendants in a law-suit, and in order that the right may be discerned from wrong." The choice of the Ordeal was not left to the inculpated party or his adversary, but depended on the season of the year. The Ordeal by Fire was to be used during the rainy season, that by Water in the summer time; Poison was the ordeal for the cold weather, and the Balance for the autumn. The Ordeal by Balance had all the advantages of simplicity, and at the same time in no wise imperilled either in life or limb the person who elected to undergo it. The only point that excites our wonder (and this, to a certain extent, is the case with all trials by Ordeal) is that any person ever succeeded in proving himself innocent by its means. For the Ordeal by Balance a huge pair of scales, consisting of a post, a beam, and two scale-pans, was to be erected "before the gates of the royal palace, or in sight of a temple, or in a cross-road." The beam and the supporting post were to be of certain specified woods, and the latter was to be firmly fixed in a hole in the earth "after having been covered with perfumes, garlands, and unguents, and after the performance of purificatory and auspicious ceremonies with sour milk, whole grain, clarified butter, and perfumes." Nārada next proceeds to explain how the Ordeal was to be performed. The time was to be the forenoon, and the person who underwent the test was to have fasted a day and a night, to have taken a bath, and to wear his wet dress. He was then to take his seat in the pan or scale of the balance on the northern side, and the beam was to be brought level by heaping stones, bricks, mud, and grains of sand into the opposite scale-pan. This was to be done under the inspection of "goldsmiths, merchants, and skilful brasiers experienced in the art of weighing." What follows may be given in the words of the Code:—

After having first weighed the man . . . he should cause him to descend from the balance. After having admonished him with solemn imprecations, he should cause the man to get into the scale again, after having fastened a writing on his head. There must be neither wind nor rainfall

(at the time when this Ordeal is being performed). When he has ascended (the scale), a Brahman, holding the scale in his hand, should recite the following . . . (invoking) the guardians of the world and the gods with these and other such speeches. . . . If he rises on being weighed (for the second time), he is undoubtedly innocent. If his weight remains the same as before, or if he goes down, he cannot be acquitted.

The other Ordeals, which were to be used during all other seasons of the year except the autumn, were somewhat more dangerous to the defendant than that by the Balance. In the Ordeal by Fire the individual under suspicion had to carry in his hands "an iron ball, fifty *Palas* in weight, having been repeatedly made fiery, sparkling, and red-hot," from the centre to the perimetre of a circle measuring "two hundred and fifty *Angulas*." If, says Nārada, after so doing either of his hands be burnt, "he shall receive due punishment." The Ordeal by Water was performed by diving and remaining under water for the space of time taken by "a young man endowed with swiftness of limb" in going and bringing back an arrow shot from a bow. "Women and children must not be subjected to the Ordeal by Water," adds Nārada, "nor sick, superannuated, or feeble men." One cannot help wondering what Ordeal persons of these classes should lawfully undergo. In the Ordeal by Poison the accused person had to swallow a fixed quantity of "poison from the *Sringa* plant which grows in the *Himālayas*"; if he survived he had spoken true; if he died, he was proved a liar. The Ordeal by Consecrated Water was very simple. The defendant was to be made to drink "three mouthfuls of water, in which (an image of) the deity, whom he holds sacred, has been bathed and worshipped. If he should meet, himself, with any calamity within a week or a fortnight (after having undergone this Ordeal), it shall be regarded as proof of his guilt." Nārada adds, however, that this last form of Ordeal was not to be used "in the case of great criminals, irreligious, or ungrateful men, eunuchs, low rascals, unbelievers, *Vṛātyas*, and slaves," because, says the commentary, "they are already deprived of the assistance of the gods in every case."

Of the other "Titles of the Law" as defined by Nārada, we have left ourselves no space for discussion. Mr. Jolly's translation is eminently readable, and his notes, embodying the remarks of commentators, add the requisite amount of explanatory matter. At the end of the present volume he gives a translation of "Fragments of *Bṛihaspati*," which he considers as among the most precious relics of the early legal literature of India. *Bṛihaspati* covers much the same ground as Nārada, but his rather advanced views on the subject of women's rights, and the character of his teaching generally, lead Mr. Jolly to conclude that his work belongs to a somewhat later period than the Nārada-smṛiti.

Vol. XXXIV. of *The Sacred Books of the East*, containing Mr. George Thibaut's translation of the *Vedānta-sūtras*, offers a good example of the method pursued by the Hindoos in the exegesis of their sacred writings. From the earliest times a commentary on the Vedas has been a matter not merely of expediency, but of necessity for the student. It was held that, without a commentary, all that could be accomplished was simply, parrot-like, to commit the sacred texts to memory. But it was incumbent on the student, after first learning the Veda by heart, to proceed to understand the meaning of the text, and lastly to co-ordinate and systematize the knowledge he had gained. Hence all commentaries were divided into two classes. Of the first class was the running commentary interwoven with the words of the sacred text, explaining the grammar and lexicography word by word and sentence by sentence, but confining itself solely to the elucidation of each detached passage. The second class of commentaries—and these are by far the most numerous and voluminous—take higher ground, and, in order to elucidate the full import of the Veda, discuss the meaning of each passage in its relation to other passages and to the whole body of scripture of which it forms a part. To quote the words of Mr. Thibaut's introduction:—

The task of taking a comprehensive view of the contents of the Vedic writings as a whole, of systematizing what they present in an unsystematical form, of showing the mutual co-ordination or subordination of single passages and sections, and of reconciling contradictions—which according to the view of orthodox commentators can be apparent only—is allotted to a separate *śāstra*, or body of doctrine, which is termed *Mīmāṃsā*.

Although much has been lost of the earlier commentaries, a vast literature still exists connected with the *Mīmāṃsā*, at the head of which stand the *Sūtras*, whose reputed authors are *Gaimini* and *Bādāyana*. These two *Sūtras* may be regarded as summarizing the labours of earlier teachers whose works, now irretrievably lost, formed a series of literary essays in the great task of systematizing the teaching of the Vedas; and, further, they are the fount of an ever-broadening stream of later exegesis which reaches down to the present day, and which may still have some future before it in times yet to come.

A *Sūtra*, as Mr. Thibaut defines it, is a collection of "short aphorisms constituting in their totality a complete body of doctrine upon any subject," and the first aim of every *Sūtra*-writer is to make his aphorisms concise. This conciseness is obtained by the rigid exclusion of all words that can possibly be spared, and the avoidance of all unnecessary repetition, the result being that these aphoristic sentences often consist of a mere string of detached words, and the most essential portions of the sentence are frequently dispensed with. "Nothing," Mr. Thibaut remarks, "is, for instance, more common than the simple omission of the subject or predicate of the sentence," and it naturally follows that scarcely a single *Sūtra* is intelligible without a commentary. In

* *The Sacred Books of the East*. Edited by F. Max Müller. Vol. XXXIII. The Minor Law Books. Translated by Julius Jolly. Part I. Nārada. *Bṛihaspati*. Vol. XXXIV. The *Vedānta-sūtras*. Translated by G. Thibaut. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.

short, while the Sûtra systematizes the Veda, a commentary is needed to explain the Sûtra. The Sûtra which Mr. Thibaut has translated in the present volume is that attributed to Bâdarâyana; and with it, in order to render the translation intelligible, he has given the commentary of the celebrated theologian Sankara, or, as he is commonly called, Sankarâ-kârya. This commentary is the oldest extant on the Sûtra, and represents the so-called orthodox side of Brahmanical theology, which regards the Brahman, or Highest Self, as differing from, and immensely superior to, the divine beings, such as Vishnu or Siva, who for innumerable centuries have been the chief objects of popular worship among Hindoos. From a purely philosophical point of view also, as Mr. Thibaut points out, the doctrine advocated by Sankara is the most important and interesting which has arisen on Indian soil, and none of the later schools can compare with it for boldness of speculation and subtlety of analysis.

Within the limits at our disposal it would be impossible to give, even in outline, any account of the strange system of philosophy which these commentaries unfold. At a very early period the doctrine of the ancient Brahmanical treatises underwent amalgamation with beliefs which had sprung up in other religious communities, both priestly and non-priestly, and which ultimately led to the composition of such works as the well-known Bhagavadgîtâ, the doctrine of which represents the fusion of the Brahmanical theory of the Upanishads with the belief in a personal god such as Krishna or Vishnu. As Mr. Thibaut remarks, the doctrines generally accepted by Brahminic students have never had any widespread influence on the mass of the population of India:—

Comparatively few, even in India, are those who rejoice in the idea of a universal non-personal essence in which their own individuality is to be merged and lost for ever, who think it sweet "to be wrecked on the ocean of the Infinite." The only forms of Vedântic philosophy which are—and can at any time have been—really popular, are those in which the Brahman of the Upanishads has somehow transformed itself into a being between which and the devotee there can exist a personal relation, love and faith on the part of man, justice tempered with mercy on the part of the divinity.

Of such doctrine, it need hardly be said, but little trace is to be found in the wonderfully subtle, but arid, discussions of Sankara's commentary on the Vedânta-sûtras.

SOME TRANSLATIONS.*

IT is, perhaps, scarcely fair to range a volume of which about half is original work among translations; but the translations might say that it is scarcely fair to rank a volume of which half is translation among original work. If all Mr. Linton's poems had been equal in beauty to his prologue, we certainly should have let the translations complain as they list. Here it is:—

In childhood's unsuspecting hours
The fairies crowned my head with flowers.
Youth came; I lay at Beauty's feet;
She smiled and said my song was sweet.
Then Age; and, Love no longer mine,
My brows I shaded with the vine.
With flowers and love and wine and song,
Oh death! life hath not been too long!

Even as it is, there is not a little work here as agreeable as this. "The Riddle," "Diviner Love," and not a few others are all charming. The only possible fault to be found with them is that Mr. Linton has so saturated himself with the spirit of the seventeenth century that his verse sometimes reads a little too like *pastiche*. But such study is the best of all preparation for translating; and the second half of the book shows it. Mr. Linton ranges over many times, if not many languages (for most of the subjects are French), from "Bele Erembora" in the twelfth century to M. Leconte de Lisle's "Tre Fila d'Oro" in the nineteenth. The best versions are those of the Pleiade, the least good those of Béranger, with whom Mr. Linton is not quite in tune. The almost impossible *Chasseur Noir* would be very finely done were it not that "Black Huntsman" unfortunately displaces and mars the rhythm and cadence of "Chasseur Noir" itself so seriously as to produce something like a perpetual discord in the memory. But the translations, on the whole, are extremely agreeable, and the poems almost, if not quite, equally so.

The delightful story of *Das kalte Herz* has been several times translated into English; we are ourselves acquainted with two

- * *Poems and Translations.* By W. J. Linton. London: Nimmo.
- The Cold Heart.* By W. Hauff. Translated by Agnes Henry. London: Digby & Long.
- Heine, Novelist and Dramatist.* By R. McIntock. London: Roper & Drowley.
- Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth.* London: Chapman & Hall.
- The Tragedy of Faust.* By A. H. Huth. London: Sampson Low & Co.
- Goethe's Faust.* Translated by Bayard Taylor. Edited by G. T. Bettany. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.
- Ruy Blas.* Translated by W. D. S. Alexander. London: Digby & Long.
- The Song of the Bell; and other Poems.* Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.
- Goethe's Reineke Fox, West-Eastern Divan, &c.* Translated by A. Rogers. London: Bell & Sons.

versions earlier than Miss Henry's, and we think there are others. But if they were multiplied many times, it would be hard for any one to achieve a worse than this present. We shall not beat about the bush, but give some samples of what Miss Henry calls translation. "The great Nibelungenhart who lies buried there" (we thought most people had heard of the "hoard" of the Nibelungs, and a hoard is not a he) is a mere trifle. *Waren sie auch wegen ihres Geizes verhasst, so standen sie doch wegen ihres Geldes in Ansehen* ("if they were hated for their avarice, yet were they held in respect for their money") becomes "they were disliked on account of their wealthy appearance." *Zündete er keinen neuen Meiler* as appears as "he lighted his new heap," *keinen* as if it were *seinen*! *Um den grossen Lichtspan den die Jungen mit dem feinsten Tannenharz unterhielten* marvels at itself as "the youngsters amused themselves with the finest resin." *Die Stange zersplitterte in der Luft wie an einer unsichtbaren Mauer*, "the staff split in the air like an INSECURE WALL!!!" *Dann zog er ein ungeheures Brennglas hervor*, "then it appeared like a wonderful burning glass." *Geldrollen* [rouleaux], "golded [sic] rolls." *Er drehte die Peitsche um, die er in der Hand hielt*, "he tore away the pitcher which was in her hand." Beyond this we need hardly go; a translator who makes a whip into a pitcher, and seems to think that *er* and *sie* are all one, is past praying for or admonishing. But it is permissible to wonder a very little at the ignorance, or the impudence, or the combination of both, which comes before the public to translate a German book with such a knowledge or no-knowledge of the German language.

Mr. McIntock's is an exceedingly disappointing book—in that respect, to do him justice, resembling most things that have been written about Heine. The title, at least as it appears on the back and side of the book, is quite misleading. It is simply a translation with a very short and meagre introduction of *The Rabbi of Bacharach, Almansor, and William Ratcliff*, with an appendix of half a dozen verse-pieces selected on no principle that we can discover, as they are neither more narrative nor more dramatic than hundreds of others. If it was really desired to show Heine's narrative power in prose, many pieces, from the *Reisebilder* to the *Memoiren* (especially that wonderful one of the executioners' meeting in the latter), would have done it much better than the *Rabbi*, while *Almansor* and *William Ratcliff* are crude Byronic-Scottish imaginings which do not show Heine at anything at all like his best. The verse-pieces are of course in themselves good (when did Heine write anything in his own peculiar vein that was not good?), and *Vitzliputzli*, *Bimini*, the *Schelm von Bergen* are of his best. Mr. McIntock, too, as few of Heine's translators are, is tolerably faithful. Yet take the original and the version of the last two stanzas of *Bimini*, than which even Heine never did anything that combines the "dying fall" of pathos with a more exquisite faintness of suggested humour:—

Lethe heisst das gute Wasser:
Trink daraus, und du vergisst
All dein Leiden—ja, vergessen
Wirst du was du je gelitten.

Gutes Wasser! Gutes Land!
Wer dort angelangt verlässt es
Nimmer mehr, denn dieses Land
Ist das wahre Bimini.

There is Apollo's lyre; now for the hurdy-gurdy of Mr. McIntock:—

That good water's name is Lethe;
Drink of it—thou shalt forget
All thy sorrows—yea forgotten
Shall be all that thou hast suffered.
Good that water! good that land!
Whoso there arrives forsakes it
Never more. The Silent Land
Verily is Bimini.

Whereon it is sufficient to observe that the last couplet is not faithful; and that the whole is "verily" hurdy-gurdy and not lyre.

We do not know why the anonymous translator (with running narrative to connect) of the letters of the rather original lady who is pretty generally known to historical students as the "Princess Palatine" should have chosen to call her for shortness in preference "Charlotte Elizabeth." Certainly it was her name; but the other is at once more usual, more distinctive, and does not suggest an Evangelical novelist of the last generation. Except for this little oddity, and except, also, that the style is very inelegant ("patent to all the members of the Royal family," and so on), there is little fault to find with the book. "La Palatine" was a very interesting person, though not interesting in person, for she was as hideously ugly as her luckless predecessor Henrietta of England was beautiful. She had an exceedingly despicable husband, as despicable as and more detestable than his uncle and predecessor in the Orleans title, Gaston. She had a very clever, and not at all despicable, though somewhat disreputable son—the Regent—and she probably was responsible for his cleverness. She had much German frankness, a little Stuart wit (she was "Goody Palsgrave's" granddaughter, and thus her predecessor's second cousin), an uncommonly sharp pair of eyes in her head, and an untiring pen. We should not know nearly so much about the Court of Louis XIV. without her as we do with her. And so let her, and even her not very elegant translator, be welcome.

Of translations of *Faust* there is no end. Few of them are good, and the attempt to keep "the original metro and rhymes"

which Mr. Huth has made in his version of the First Part turns a difficult task into one certainly impossible. No doubt there is a certain amount of courage and ingenuity displayed in the attempt; but courage and ingenuity in such a case are good for nothing unless they produce a good result. And the result here is not good; though it is prettily printed and got up. The faults and merits of Bayard Taylor's often-reprinted version are well known. It is here accompanied by reductions of Retzsch's outline illustrations to the First Part; those to the Second, though they are perhaps the better of the two sets, do not seem to be given.

We might repeat almost textually of Mr. Alexander what we have said of Mr. Huth, except that his case is more parlous still. Mr. Alexander, too, keeps metre and (though not the original) rhyme. Even Drayton's Alexandrines are trying after a time, and Mr. Alexander is not Drayton.

You I transformed into a temporary lord
Because a certain service you could me afford

is rather better than most of the stuff; and we do not think men or gods or columns can be expected to stand that.

Sir Theodore Martin has done so much work, and work so generally welcomed, in translation that he may be said to have acquired a sort of Academician's right to put more work of the same kind before the public. In his present volume most of the translation is from Schiller, some from Uhland and Goethe, the rest from minor poets, chiefly, though not all, German. Schiller is not a very hard poet to translate, perhaps for the very quality which endears him to some and renders him only moderately attractive to other readers in the original. He is melodious enough, but (out of *Wallenstein* and one or two other things) a little ordinary; there is no special "cry" in him. Uhland, though a lesser writer, is a much more distinct poet, and his music, now low and wailing, now ringing and clear, is sometimes only less hard to catch than that of a much greater poet to whom he taught much—Heine. Much, for instance, is lost by the loss of the cymbal clash of rhyme in *Graf Eberstein*; yet to keep it in English is impossible. In handling these and other poets Sir Theodore has displayed the same qualities which have made his versions popular before, and which have helped to introduce to the English reader much valuable work.

Goethe is not very fortunate in the translator of his *Reineke Fuchs* and *West-östlicher Diwan*. Your title is a good tell-tale, and the perpetrator of such a hybrid as "*Reineke Fox*" instead of "*Reynard Fox*" or "*Reineke Fuchs*" gives the measure of his quality early. It is sustained throughout. The version of *Reineke* is patient and careful, but heavy. The *Diwan* is in parts better, but the betterment is not great. The fact is that the half-elliptic, half-homely manner which is so effective in German becomes mere crude uncouthness in English.

WHAT DETERMINES PRICE?*

WHEN preparing for the Gold and Silver Commission, of which he was a member, Sir Thomas Farrer found himself face to face with a puzzle which has perplexed many acute thinkers, and he set himself to elucidate it for the benefit of his colleagues. The paper so drawn up he has now given to the world in pamphlet form. We may say at once that this pamphlet shows neither the fulness of knowledge, nor the power of analysis, nor the grasp of mind necessary to enable him to perform successfully the task he has set himself. The puzzle is this; since 1873 there has been a very heavy fall in the prices of commodities; there has been a marked rise in the prices of securities; and in wages there has been in some cases a slight advance, in others a not very considerable fall, and in others stationariness. But if the fall in the prices of commodities is due to a scarcity of gold, how is it that securities have risen, and that, taking them altogether, wages have been fairly well maintained? Sir Thomas Farrer answers the question by saying that the fall in commodities is not due to a scarcity of gold, and that, in fact, there is no scarcity of gold. The evidence before the Gold and Silver Commission proved conclusively that the supply of gold has fallen from about 30 millions per annum before 1873 to about 20 millions per annum recently, or nearly one-third. And it is matter of common knowledge that several countries which were not gold-using before 1873 have become so now. Germany was a silver-using country; she is now a gold-using country. And the United States for ten years before 1873 had inconvertible paper money. Now they hold a very large stock of gold. It is to say the least of it bold on the part of a member of the Gold and Silver Commission, with these facts before him, to say that gold is not scarce compared with the twenty years before 1873. But, if Sir Thomas Farrer objects to the word "scarce," as to some extent, at all events, question-begging, we are willing to substitute an equivalent form of expression—namely, that the supply of gold has fallen off since 1873 compared with the twenty years preceding, and that gold is more widely used. But Sir Thomas Farrer goes further, and contends that there is no relation between the supply of gold and prices; that prices, in fact, are determined by credit. But when he comes to inquire what determines the state of credit he is unable to find a solution. It would hardly be worth while to give much

space to the discussion of a pamphlet with so lame and impotent a conclusion were it not that the difficulty which puzzles Sir Thomas Farrer is very widely felt, and, in fact, is one of the reasons why there is so much difference of opinion as to the causes of the recent fall in prices. Such being the case it is deserving of serious consideration, and we propose to inquire, therefore, whether it is so entirely insoluble as Sir Thomas Farrer has found it.

If one were told that the supply of iron, or copper, or tin, or, indeed, any other commodity, had fallen off within seventeen years nearly one-third, and that the use of that commodity was much wider now than when it was more largely produced, everyone would be prepared to find that there had been a great rise in its price; and if anyone doubted that the cause of the rise was the decrease in supply and the increase in use, he would not be thought deserving of very much attention. Is there any reason to suppose that gold differs essentially from all other commodities? Is it not clear, on the contrary, that what is true of other commodities must be true of gold? The rise in the value of gold, however, is obscured by two circumstances. Firstly, gold is itself the measure of value. An ounce of gold, therefore, cannot be worth either more or less than an ounce of gold. Increased value, then, in the case of gold must be expressed in a different way from that in which it is expressed in the case of other commodities. The second reason of obscurity is that the gold-using nations of the world have decided by law the quantity of gold which must be contained in the legal tender gold coins. In our own country, for example, an ounce of gold must be coined into 3*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.* A ton of iron may be worth 2*l.* at one time, 3*l.* at another, and 5*l.* at another, but owners of gold-mines cannot insist that the British Government shall coin an ounce of gold into five sovereigns or five and a half sovereigns. The English law is fixed on the point. That being so, there is only one way in which a rise in the value of gold can show itself, and that is by an ounce of gold exchanging for more things than it formerly did. But Sir Thomas Farrer, and those who agree with him, contend that there is one essential particular in which gold differs from all other commodities—namely, that they are required for immediate consumption, whereas the principal demand for gold is for coinage purposes; and, as coin wears out very slowly, and consequently the mass of it in existence is very vast, a falling off in the annual supply is proportionately so insignificant, even if it continues for seventeen years, that it cannot materially affect the value of the whole bulk. It may well be questioned whether Sir Thomas Farrer is right in assuming that the chief demand for gold is for coinage purposes. The quantity of gold used in the arts is very large, and is steadily increasing with the growth of wealth and population. But, whether he is right or wrong, he does not dispute that a very considerable amount of gold is used in the arts; and, as there cannot be two prices for the same quality of the same commodity in the same market, the demand for the arts, he will hardly dispute, must have a very considerable influence upon the value of the commodity. Waiving that for the moment, however, we would ask Sir Thomas Farrer to consider whether it is the previously existing quantity of any commodity, or the additional quantity which is immediately needed, that determines the price. Suppose, for example, that of the 28 millions of quarters of wheat estimated to be required annually for consumption in this country, 27 millions of quarters could be grown at 25*s.* per quarter, and that the remaining million cost 35*s.* per quarter, would the cost of the 27 millions or that of the one million determine the price? Sir Thomas may object that the cases are not parallel. Then let us take the army. We have a considerable standing army already which requires a certain number of recruits every year. If the number of recruits required could not be obtained, would the fact that we had already a large number of men with the colours render unnecessary an advance of pay? The truth is that, though gold is more durable than most other commodities, it wears out like them. The very fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is engaged at this moment in re-coining our gold currency proves that; and, since an annual supply is required to maintain the gold currency, the cost of that annual supply must determine the value of the whole bulk.

But say Sir Thomas and those who agree with him, gold is used very little in making payments. In the wholesale trade, and on the Stock Exchange, indeed, gold enters only to a very small extent into business transactions. That is perfectly true, but it does not affect the point at issue. When a merchant gives a bill in payment for goods he makes himself liable to pay the bill in gold if called upon. It is quite true that in the great majority of cases he is not called upon to do so, but no individual can know beforehand whether he will be or not. He makes himself liable to pay a certain sum of money in gold, and he must act, therefore, as if the liability would be enforced. In other words, the price he is willing to give, whether he pays with a credit instrument or not, is the price he would give if the payment had to be made in gold. And now let us see whether we can find an explanation of the puzzle which so perplexes Sir Thomas Farrer. The mistake he makes is in not keeping constantly in mind that change is the law of this world. There are changes in commodities, securities, and services, just as well as in gold. Owing to mechanical inventions, the extension of railways and telegraphs, the improvements in naval architecture, the vast emigration from Europe to the unsettled parts of the earth, and the consequent extension of the area

* *What Do We Pay With; or, Gold, Credit, and Prices.* By Sir T. H. Farrer, Bart. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1889.

under cultivation, the increase in the production of commodities has been extraordinary during the past half century. It is probable that, even if the supply of gold had not fallen off, there would have been a decline in the prices of commodities; but, as the supply of gold has fallen off, the decline has been very great. On the other hand, there has not been a rapid increase in the manufacture of securities as there was in the quarter of a century preceding 1873. On the contrary, many of the very best securities have declined in amount. The consequence is that the supply of securities, compared with the demand, owing to the vast growth in wealth and population, is less now than it was seventeen years ago, and the result is that there has been a marked rise in the prices of securities, notwithstanding the falling off in the supply of gold. The rise, of course, would have been still more marked if the supply of gold had been more plentiful. In the last place, although population has grown rapidly since 1873, it has not grown nearly so rapidly as commodities. The demand for labour has, in consequence, been so great that wages have not fallen or have fallen but very little. If the supply of gold had been more plentiful, wages would have risen as they did in the quarter of a century before 1873, but as gold has been scarce, wages have remained nearly stationary. In other words, the nominal remuneration of labour has not increased, but the real remuneration has very considerably increased. The sovereign now buys more commodities by far than it did seventeen years ago, and, therefore, the working man who earns a pound a week is able to purchase more commodities than he could seventeen years ago. Rent, it is true, is a heavy burden to him; but, speaking broadly, his position has decidedly improved, although his money wages have scarcely, if at all, risen.

THE STUART DYNASTY.*

ALTHOUGH the harvest of the Stuart papers was gathered in by the late Lord Stanhope, he left enough to reward the industry of gleaners, and Mr. Percy Thornton, who has been working in the same field, has not returned without bringing back his sheaves with him. By Her Majesty's gracious permission he has been enabled to publish the results of his labours in the handsome volume before us, along with an historical sketch of the Stuart dynasty. By far the larger number of the papers printed here refer to the attempt of the Chevalier de St. George in 1715, and many of them are letters of Bolingbroke and the Duke of Berwick not included by Lord Stanhope in the collection appended to his *History of England*. A few are of earlier dates, and among them is a letter written in 1688 by the Earl of Perth, James's Chancellor in Scotland, to the Cardinal of Norfolk, describing the progress which was being made in the advancement of the Roman Catholic interest in Edinburgh; the abbey-church of Holyrood had been secured, though not without difficulty, for the Earl writes (like an early and unconscious Traddles), "it cost me A pull to take it from the paroch"; converts were as yet few, but some ministers had come in. He was not hopeful; he saw that the King was attempting what was beyond his power, that many who pretended to be friends to the cause were really its most dangerous enemies, and that no help was to be looked for from the army. Passing to 1712, we find the Duke of Berwick expressing his conviction that the English Ministers would "act with all speed imaginable" in the Chevalier's behalf, and that the sole reason why they were silent was because they feared lest their secret should be known before the conclusion of the Peace. During the early part of 1714 the Jacobites were much excited as to the course which Marlborough would adopt. In January Berwick had good hopes of him, though Oxford was certain that he would not fulfil his promises. While he was at Antwerp in March he asked for a pardon from the Chevalier, and Berwick, who by that time seems to have begun to suspect that Oxford was right, observed that he might as well have the pardon, it would be giving "words for words." Marlborough, however, promised some substantial help. Lord Stanhope gives a letter in which Bolingbroke refers to a sum of money sent by Marlborough to the Chevalier. The notice is allusive, and has been treated as unimportant, though the historian certainly took what is now proved to be the true view of the matter. Mr. Thornton's researches have shown that Marlborough on the eve of the expedition of 1715 sent the Chevalier 2,000*l.* towards his expenses. His disgraceful treachery, which was known to the King, did not gain him much credit with the Chevalier's party; for Berwick, while observing that if "Malbranche" would play "Hanover" a trick, it would make up for the past, adds, "I can hardly hope he will have honesty enough left him for so great and good a deed." After the suppression of the Rebellion a Government agent wrote to Lord Lovat, who had secretly been paying and clothing Jacobite soldiers, and openly urging the Government to transplant the rebel Highlanders and imprison their chiefs, that the King, the Prince, and the Duke of Marlborough were sensible of his "great and dangerous services." The ingratitude of the Chevalier is illustrated by a letter in which Berwick speaks warmly of the zealous and faithful services of Bolingbroke, and

by the bitterness with which James writes of Berwick, who, as a naturalized Frenchman, refused to disobey the commands of the Regent by taking the command of his brother's army. Berwick defended his conduct in a straightforward and soldierly letter to the Earl of Mar, declaring that, if the Regent would withdraw his prohibition, he was ready to join in the expedition, but, he wrote, "tis neither consisting with my honour, my duty, my oaths, nor even with the King's interest and reputation, that I should desert like a trooper."

The larger part of Mr. Thornton's volume is devoted to a sketch of the history of the House of Stuart, which is largely based on the works of Burton and Tytler. He dwells chiefly on the special character of each of the Stuart reigns, and though he narrates events when they seem necessary to his plan, generally treats them as subordinate to his account of the policy pursued by the King. The struggles of James I. of Scotland with the chiefs of the Highlands and the Western Isles, and his attempts to counterbalance the power of the great nobles by encouraging the Commons and by legal and administrative reforms are briefly and accurately noted, and the fierce strife between James II. and the Douglasses is treated with a full sense of the issues which it involved. It would perhaps be safer to refer the attack of James II. upon Roxburgh to his desire to win back the towns which the English held in Scotland, rather than to an "overstrained fidelity" to the House of Lancaster. The relations of James IV. with foreign Powers should have been described more clearly and at greater length; his energy in naval matters receives adequate attention. Mr. Thornton writes more fully about Queen Mary than any other sovereign of the House, and has evidently studied all the best books that have of late been written on her life. In dealing with the Casket Letters he acknowledges the good work which Mr. Henderson has done with reference to Morton's declaration, but is by no means satisfied with his conclusions. He thinks that the story of the finding of the casket in Potter's Row needs clearing up—we are not sure that we understand the point of this objection; that the Lords and others who "sighted" the documents were so prejudiced that their testimony is worthless; that the documents may have been tampered with during the year and more that they were in Morton's custody; and, finally, that there is a good deal to be said for Mr. Hosack's theory that certain genuine parts of the letters were written to Darnley. With his opinion that "Mary stands or falls with the incredibility or genuineness of the Casket Letters" we cannot agree. Apart from the letters, it is impossible to suppose that Mary was wholly ignorant as to the plot against her husband; and if, which we hold to be morally certain, she had reason to believe that mischief was likely to befall him, what was her motive in lodging him in Kirk-o'-Field? The notices of the Stuart Kings of England are short and somewhat lacking in vigour. Laud's position, however, is fairly estimated; it was, indeed, high time that men should be taught that the Reformation had not destroyed the continuity of the Church of England, or rendered it decent for its clergy to imitate the practices of Geneva. We are surprised to find Mr. Thornton asserting that "it is at last safe to declare" that the *Eikon Basilike* was written by Charles I. It is not likely that the authorship of this famous book will ever be settled with mathematical certainty; it certainly is not yet. At the end of Mr. Thornton's historical sketch, which goes down to the death of James II., he gives an introduction to his extracts from the Stuart papers, commenting on them, and pointing out the special interest of each, so that his readers will find themselves well prepared to appreciate the results of his work. His volume is illustrated with some pleasing reproductions from photographs of portraits exhibited in the Stuart Exhibition of James II., the Chevalier de St. George, the Cardinal of York, the Duke of Berwick, and one or two more.

NEW ETCHINGS.

WE have already referred to the earlier plates of Mr. Whistler's series of Dutch etchings so eagerly looked forward to by amateurs. The set of nine is now completed by the addition of three plates which are not among the least interesting of Mr. Whistler's productions. "The Dance House, Amsterdam," will be the source of much bewilderment to the innocent. It is only after very careful examination at a proper distance that we gradually perceive that this strange "nocturne" gives us a view of a canal, with a tunnel immediately opposite the spectator, and lofty houses built over the tunnel, under the arch of which a barge is advancing with a lantern at her head. The barge, the arch, and most other things are left to the imagination; but the rays of the lantern dimly light up the gloom of the water and the lower part of the buildings. The upper stories of the houses are luminous behind squalid windows. In this plate there is a curious result, as we think, of Mr. Whistler's over-refinement. In many parts of it the surface is covered with a uniform rotten brown, caused, unless we are very much mistaken, by the accidental running together, in the printing, of excessively fine lines too close to one another on the copper. Is this, perhaps, an added beauty? Mr. Whistler alone can answer. "The Bridge" will have more admirers, although it is less ambitious. The simple curve of the single arch is drawn with delicate grace, and the accessories of gaunt building and turbid water are admi-

* *The Stuart Dynasty: Short Studies of its Rise, Course, and Early Exile, the latter drawn from Papers in Her Majesty's Possession at Windsor Castle.* By Percy M. Thornton, Author of "Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century," &c. &c. London: William Ridgway. 1890.

rably indicated. "The Square House" is the record of a quaint bit of old Amsterdam, perhaps in the Jews' Quarter—a vast house displaying a patched surface of all the architectures adapted by successive generations till it looks like a cottager's quilt. Mr. Whistler's needle has drawn all the detail of this strange and monstrous growth with the most loving care.

Our general opinion of this set of etchings is raised by an examination of them in their final continuity. Those who expected from Mr. Whistler a topographical record of Amsterdam deserved to be disappointed. Perhaps some of those who formed no such expectation may still think the series rather slight. Yet the etcher has never been more himself nor more artistic. One point connected with these Amsterdam plates deserves attention. For the first time it is not in the printing that Mr. Whistler produces his final effects. It will be found that everything here is legitimate line-work on the copper itself. A study of the canal-foregrounds of this set, in comparison with those in the Second Venice series, will show what this conveys. Mr. Whistler is this time his own publisher. Amateurs will be sorry to hear that he puts no limitation on the number of impressions which he means to print. He announces that each proof will be printed by himself with the maximum of care. This is all very well; but the wary collector likes to know the exact point at which the heroic cross-scratches remove for ever the temptation to print "just one more proof."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. JOHN GRAND-CARTERET, besides having done some pleasant literary work, is an enthusiast for Rousseau (1), and we like enthusiasts when they are not offensive. Further, M. Grand-Carteret knows how to make a book that, as a book, is desirable, and this volume is eminently so. His zeal for the author of the *Confessions* has led him to compile some six hundred pages of contemporary judgments signed, we are obliged to say, by names the authority of which is, in most cases, not very great, but no doubt showing that public opinion takes a much more favourable view of Rousseau than it once did. So be it. In literature Rousseau was a very great man; and if a man's greatness is to be judged by his influence on posterity, hardly any words would be too strong for him. All our isms—Romanticism, Naturalism, Socialism, Æstheticism, Undogmaticism, Adjectivism, and heaven and the other place know what isms else, he was the father of; and if some of these we could wish in the bottomless pit, there are others that we should be sorry not to have had. He was not a very happy or lucky man, and certainly had not too many good things of any kind in this life. But when M. Grand-Carteret calls him "le grand calomnié, dont on méconnaît les vertus," we can only remember the excellent remark of the young lady when Peter Simple appealed to her honour. "My honour, Peter? the less we say about that the better." We know Rousseau pretty well, we admire him in a way very much, we can make all sorts of excuses for his (let us amiably say) non-virtues. But his virtues—where were they? He quarrelled with and traduced every friend, and libelled (the greater the truth the greater the libel in this case, at any rate) every mistress that he ever had. He always imputed the worst motives to everybody. In his perverted sensibility and egotism he did not know what truth was. He never had the courage to brave out any storm. He himself denies himself natural affection. We do not suppose that any one will accuse him of chastity, and as for temperance, he never seems to have had much temptation to excess in eating or drinking. He had not the slightest command over his temper. If he stuck to Thérèse Levasseur, it was evidently neither from fidelity nor affection, but from habit. He never had much to be generous with, no doubt; but we do not remember a single story of him showing that innate generosity which the poorest often exhibit. We rummage the range of the virtues and cannot find one that belonged to him. Not that he was by any means a monster; his vices are rather ugly and pitiable than very bad. But his admirers really should not talk of his virtues.

The second volume of the not uninteresting *Memoirs of Hyde de Neuville* (2) takes us from the first Restoration to 1822, during which time Hyde was envoy to America, and had other employments of importance entrusted to him. Ardent Royalist as he was, he is not able to disguise the extraordinary mismanagement during the first sojourn of Louis XVIII. in Paris or the weakness of the Royalist party. He quotes a saying of M. de Vitrolles, a brother Royalist, before the flight to Ghent, which has had in the three-quarters of a century since a more lugubrious fulfilment than its author probably meant:—"Que ne vous a-t-on écouté? Notre rôle sera donc toujours à nous autres royalistes d'assister à la chute de la royauté?"

Mme. d'Armaillé's volume (3) on the daughter of Richelieu (not the son of Telamon, but less—much less)—is pleasant in many ways. It is chiefly based on the letters of the too short-lived Countess to Gustavus III., the victim of Ankarström, and the last of the line of Vasa who died King of Sweden. Mme.

d'Egmont was a delightful person, whom the gods kindly carried off before the evil days because they loved her. And no wonder they loved her, for her portrait here (after a miniature by Hall) is perfectly enchanting.

It would require a great deal of ingenuity to make an unreadable book about the Prince de Ligne (4), especially considering that M. du Bled, by adding "et ses contemporains," has enabled himself also to draw on Chamfort and Mercier, on Beaumarchais and Camille Desmoulins. The book is somewhat desultory, and the treatment might sometimes be more worthy of the subject. In a preface M. de Mazade, the Academician, thus generously breaks out:—"Il y a une chose qui jusqu'ici n'a jamais péri en France—c'est l'esprit! Il faut en prendre son parti, dussent des pédants et pesants étrangers nous en faire un crime." "We are a witty family! we are! we are!" says M. de Mazade. Granted—or "were." But, M. l'Académicien, is the security of a man who says he is witty always the best?

We have no doubt that M. Saunois de Chevert's book (5) is a very valuable book. In our pedantic and ponderous fashion, however, we turned to the section on England. There we found that "one of the most illustrious victims" of the wrath of Henry VIII. with the Pope for not letting him marry Anne Boleyn was Lambert Simnel; that the ministers and institutions of the Church of England are "entretenues par le budget gouvernemental"; that the State pays Maynooth; that there may be no religious ceremony here except in regular chapels; that Catholics cannot be judges "près des cours de Westminster" (Mr. Justice Day, please take notice) or be "professors in the Anglican colleges." These facts are so interesting that we hardly care to inquire whether (as it would seem) the author really thinks that there is an English "Constitution," in so many numbered "articles." If his facts in other cases are equally sound, his book must be indeed valuable.

M. de Bremond d'Ars has written an excellent book (6), in regard to which we have only the old difficulty that it is superfluous to Christians, and that we hardly think non-Christians are likely to be affected by it.

It is unnecessary to praise M. de Laveleye's well-known book on Socialism (7), which in its fifth edition has a special supplement dealing with England.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN setting forth a sort of "real Cromwell" portraiture derived wholly from "contemporary evidence," Mr. Reginald F. D. Palgrave may perhaps have benefited certain of Carlyle's readers, though we cannot think there are many among them who need the corrective supplied by *Oliver Cromwell the Protector* (Sampson Low & Co.) Mr. Palgrave calls his book "an appreciation," a term of pleasant import, not employed as it is by the bi-metallists, but solely in the severe historical sense, and contrary to the method of the hero-maker. Mr. Palgrave's appreciation of Cromwell is a good way on this side of idolatry. Where Carlyle found gold Mr. Palgrave finds nothing but base metal. He is indignant, in a brief, prefatory way, because Carlyle did not show himself to be an able editor in his treatment of the papers and correspondence of Thurloe, Clarendon, Nicholas, and other contemporary documents, and in his dealings with the able editors who had laboured at these accumulated stores. From all of this we conclude nothing more or less than that Carlyle's method was not Mr. Palgrave's. Between Carlyle's heroic portraiture and Mr. Palgrave's "appreciation" there is plenty of suggestion to exercise the Hamlet mood of comparison in the student. "A bad man, my dears!" is what Mr. Palgrave's verdict amounts to. He depicts the Protector as a mere "drudge" in the hands of his Major-Generals, a maker of bogus or bungling Royalist plots, an inciter of credulous Cavaliers and others to their own ruin, a ruler who was subject to moods of irresolution and timidity, with much more of the kind; the proof of which lies in proving too much. At the worst, it shows that Cromwell's statecraft was of the kind approved by theorists, and exemplified by all strong rulers.

A new edition, the fifth, of *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid* (Burnet & Co.) confronts us once more with those dread questions, "not altogether beyond conjecture," however, concerning the builder of the Great Pyramid, the significance of the sacred cubit and its intimate relation to the British inch, and so forth, which we had deemed dead questions. William Blake, who knew something of the ancient architect, and figured him in his note-book for a faithless age to study, may be claimed, perhaps, as a supporter of Mr. Pierzi Smyth. His sketch of the builder of the Great Pyramid is not without a certain Anglo-Saxon cast of features; so it may well be that the builder, unless he builded better than he knew, may have been possessed with a pure anticipated cognition of Anglo-Saxon measurements. But these and the other stupendous problems of this recreative volume must be left, for the nonce, with the acknowledgment that the author does, in an appendix, make a report of progress, which

(4) *Le Prince de Ligne et ses contemporains*. Par Victor du Bled. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La liberté de conscience en France et à l'étranger*. Par G. Saunois de Chevert. Paris: Perrin.

(6) *La vertu sociale et morale du Christianisme*. Par le Vicomte Guy du Bremond d'Arz. Paris: Perrin.

(7) *Le socialisme contemporain*. Par E. de Laveleye. Cinquième édition. Paris: Alcan.

(1) *J.-J. Rousseau jugé par les contemporains*. Par John Grand-Carteret. Paris: Perrin.

(2) *Mémoires et souvenirs du Baron Hyde de Neuville*. Tome II. Paris: Plon.

(3) *La Comtesse d'Egmont*. Par la Comtesse d'Armaillé. Paris: Perrin.

report will be found, we fear, by all save the elect, to amount to very little indeed.

Put forth in comely form and illustrated by some admirable photographs is the Baroness Deichmann's translation, *The Life of Carmen Sylva* (*Queen of Roumania*) (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), from the German of Baroness Stackelberg. English readers now scarcely need any introduction to the poems of "Carmen Sylva." They have been well rendered by capable hands, and cannot fail to charm all who love natural, tuneful song. But this *Life*, by its skilful suggestion of the poet's personality, is a valuable commentary and guide, a book deserving to be read, too, for the good taste and discriminating tone of the writer.

Browning literature, as good members of the Society would have it, is naturally to the front at present. Mr. John T. Nettle's *Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts* (Elkin Mathews) is a collection of criticisms or comments written, and in part published, at various dates, forming altogether a complete and satisfactory handbook for those who may have read, but have not studied, the poet. Mr. Nettle is indeed a veteran, for he was one of the pioneers in the movement, and his later essays, witness that on *Parleyings with Certain People*, are fully as thoughtful, as enthusiastic, and perhaps as adoring at times as the earlier. Dr. Edward Berdoe's *Browning's Message to his Time* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a thinner contribution of the devoted. It is full of admiration and sympathy, but the admiration finds a less thoughtful expression than Mr. Nettle's offers, and the sympathy strikes us as a good deal superficial. But this may well be an impression due to Dr. Berdoe's literary method. He seems less intent upon showing the poet in his poetry than the man of science, the man of religion, the anti-vivisectionist, and so forth, and he repeats his pet quotations as if he were teaching a Sunday School.

Some exceptionally interesting reprints are before us. From Mr. Elliot Stock we have a facsimile of the first edition of Bunyan's "Country Rhymes for Children," *A Book for Boys and Girls*, from the British Museum copy, the only one known to exist, the singular history of which is told in Dr. John Brown's excellent editorial introduction.

Mr. Nutt is the publisher of a reprint of the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge, which takes an appropriate form, though not a facsimile, and is edited by Professor Dowden with a preface and some few notes.

In the "Knickerbocker Series," under the title *The Garden* (Putnam's Sons), Mr. Walton Howe edits a capital selection from the works of Bacon, Walpole, Evelyn, and others who have praised the art of gardening. Mr. Howe's essay is a pleasant and discreet performance.

Among Year-Books we have to hand the *Calendar of the Royal University of Ireland* for 1890 (Dublin: Thom & Co.); *The Englishwoman's Year-Book*, by A. M. H. (Hatchards); *The Colonial Office List*, revised for 1890, compiled by Messrs. John Anderson and Sidney Webb (Harrison); *The Civil Service Calendar* for 1890 (Allen & Co.); *The London Diocese Book*, 1890 (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and Mr. C. E. Pascoe's illustrated annual handbook, *London of To-day* for 1890 (Simpkin & Co.).

Among new editions we have to acknowledge the Second Part of the fifth edition of Professor Michael Foster's *Text-Book of Physiology* (Macmillan & Co.); Sir John Lubbock's *Scientific Lectures* (Macmillan & Co.); *Susanna Wesley*, by Eliza Clarke (Allen & Co.); *The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play*, by Canon MacColl (Rivingtons); *Keats*, by Sidney Colvin, "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan & Co.); *Comedy of a Country House*, by Julian Sturgis (John Murray); *Fauline*, by Mrs. Walford (Spencer Blackett); and Dr. W. A. Browne's useful little handbook, *The Money, Weights, and Measures of the Chief Commercial Nations* (Stanford).

We have also received *Emin Pasha: his Life and Work*, by W. Pimblett (Methuen & Co.); *Nyassaland*, travel-sketches selected from Professor Henry Drummond's *Tropical Africa* (Hodder & Stoughton); *Vernon*, a tale of school-life by Lionel J. Southwell (Skeffington); *The New Temperance Reciter*, by Alfred H. Miles (Hutchinson); Dr. R. S. Pringle's *Local Examination History*, eleventh edition (Heywood); *Railway Secrecy and Trusts*, by John M. Bonham, "Questions of the Day" series (Putnam's Sons); *Mnemonic Time Charts of English History*, by David Ross (Stanford); *A Primer of Phonetics*, by Henry Sweet, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *Essentials of Method*, by Charles de Garmo (Boston: Heath & Co.); *Illustrated Bible for the Young* (Simpkin & Co.), a bald paraphrase for the most part, with trivial designs of a spurious archaic order; "Boy," by Helen Milman, illustrated by Carl Becker (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), an intolerable compound of gush and extravagance; *Songs of the Sunland*, by Alfred T. Chandler, a little book of pleasing and tuneful lyrics (Adelaide: Wigg); *Ragged Robin, and other Plays for Children*, by Arthur M. Heathcote (Allen & Co.); *Job Simmons*, by the Rev. F. T. Bramston (Skeffington); *Lily and Leander*, by the Rev. Samuel Macnaughton, a volume of didactic verse and hymns (Edinburgh: Gemmell); and *Jessie and May*, a story for children, by A. E. P., illustrating the "fruits of disobedience" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE UNITED STATES.

Copies are on sale at Messrs. DAMRELL & UPHAM's, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Annual Subscription, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d. or \$7 30, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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Price 6d.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—Monday Evening next and every Evening at Eight o'clock. THE DEAD HEART: Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Burlingame, Miss Kate Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily 10 to 6. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. Carriages at 6.45.

MATINEES OF THE DEAD HEART. There will be Three Morning Performances of THE DEAD HEART, on Saturdays, April 12, 19, and 26. On these Saturday Nights THE BELLS will be played.—L. (EUM.)

LYRIC.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, HENRY J. LESLIE. Every Evening at 8.30 the New Comedy Opera, in Three Acts entitled THE RED HUSSAR, by H. P. Stuyvesant and Edward Solomon. At 7.30 THE SENTRY. Box Office open from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M. Morning Performance Saturday, April 12, at 2.30.

NIXIE.—NEW PLAY by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT and STEPHEN TOWNSEND. April 7 and following afternoons (except Saturdays) at 2.30. Mesdames Helen F. Ryan, Ruth Rutland, Caroline Ewell, Charlotte Morland, Lucy Webber, &c.; Messrs. Lewis Waller, Julian Cross, Walter Russell, Wm. Herbert, &c. Seats can now be booked—TERRY'S THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, April 5. Vocalist, Miss Dami. n. Pianoforte, Mr. Frederic Lamond. Conductor, Mr. August Manns. The programme will include Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 4 in C minor (Saint-Saëns) and a symphony in A (Lamond). Seats, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by ARTISTS of the CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS OPEN this day (Saturday) and Easter Monday. Admission, 1s.

STEINWAY HALL.—Mr. T. H. LEIGH, M.A. (Oxon), begs to announce a DRAMATIC RECITAL on Friday Afternoon, May 2, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include "THE KING AND THE COUNTRY," an Episode in the play of "Edward III." Characters by Messrs. Blagrove, Buckley, Everett, Trenchard, and Miss Mary Rorke. The play rehearsed under the direction of Mr. Wm. Peel.